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UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.





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HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

BANDS OF HOPE,

ENLARGED EDITION,

CONTAINING

OVER TWO HUNDRED PIECES.



PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.



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PREFACE.

THE Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union believe that this selection of Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope will completely meet the requirements of both Junior and Senior Societies.

The greatest care has been taken to select Hymns and Songs of the most suitable character, and special attention has been devoted to their literary and musical merits.

The First Edition was issued in 1881, under the able editorship of Mr. Frederic Smith, assisted by Mr. W. Harding Bonner. Popular favour was accorded to the book from the first, and more than 2,800,000 copies of the original Edition were sold.

After nearly a quarter of a century the Committee felt that it would be desirable to add to the collection some of the excellent Hymns and Songs which have appeared since the book was originally published. The work of revision was placed in the hands of a Sub-Committee, consisting of Mr. Lionel Mundy (Chairman of Committee), Rev. Carey Bonner (Secretary, Sunday School Union), Messrs. Rowland Hill, Arthur Newton, Herbert West, Charles Wakely (Secretary), and Judson Bonner (Trade Manager). Some of the original pieces have been omitted in favour of others likely to be more popular, and the number increased from 176 to 203.

The Committee desire to accord their special thanks to the Rev. Carey Bonner for the valuable assistance so readily given. His extensive acquaintance with Hymnology, and his well-known ability as a musical composer and editor, rendered his co-operation of exceptional value.

Grateful acknowledgments are also made to the following owners of copyrights, who cheerfully gave permission for the use of their pieces, in many instances without charge, and in others for quite a nominal consideration:—

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THE TRADE MANAGER,

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union,

59-60, Old Bailey, London, E.C.

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* Suitable for Senior as well as Junior meetings.

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* Suitable for Senior as well as Junior meetings.

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* Suitable for Senior as well as Junior meetings.

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No more strong drink	122	Hosanna	96	Chamouni	24
Our fathers	77	Lymington	13	Don't step there	62
Temperance, Peace, and		Missionary	32	Faben	158
Liberty	184	New York	43	Father, grant Thy benediction	192
The harp that once	155	St. Theodulph	99	Holiest, breathe	196
		Work, for the night	55	If you cannot on the ocean	29
L.M. (8.8.8.8).		7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.		Save the drunkard	138
Alstone	48	The little cowslip	66	The lifeboat (and chorus) ..	93
Angels' Hymn	9	7.7.7.6.7.7.7.6.		Vesper	30
Eden	191	Friends of freedom	111	What a Friend	51
Ernan	130			8.8.8.4.	
Holley	80	7.7.7.7.		O Lord! I lift	133
Hursley	200	Harts	6	8's (6 lines).	
Old Hundredth	198	Innocents	36	God bless the boys and girls	86
Roscommon	88	Lubeck	117	Melita	188
Samson	35	Nottingham	3	Stella	18
Tallis' Canon	194	St. Martin	53	St. Mathias	201
L.M. Double.		7's (Double).		9.6.9.6.8.8.8.6.	
Intemperance spreads	114	God will help you	70	Tyrolese air	91
5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.		St. George's, Windsor	139	10's (4 lines).	
Houghton	40	7.7.7.7.7.8.5.		Hellespont	190
6.4 (8 lines).		Temperance heroes	189	Toulon	161
The Troubadour	136	7.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.		11.10.11.10.	
6.5.6.5.		The Temperance Army	120	Hear us, our Father	27
Eudoxia	15	8.4.8.4.8.8.4.		11.10.11.10.11.10.	
Lilian	26	God speed the right	126	Rescue the perishing	41
Nägeli	69	8.4.8.4.8.8.4.		11.12.12.10.	
6.5 (8 lines).		Now that another year	11	Nicæa	28
Jesus is our Shepherd	34				

NOTE.—The words of the pieces are printed in three kinds of type, to mark the expression. Those printed in the ordinary type should be sung with the usual force of voice; those in *italics*, softer; those in **CAPITALS**, louder. Verses enclosed in brackets may be omitted if desired.

HYMNS AND SONGS

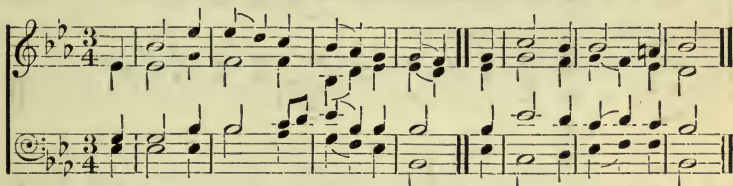
FOR

BANDS OF HOPE.

I.—OPENING HYMNS AND SONGS.

1 All-gracious Lord, we look to Thee.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Tune "Abr'dge," by ISAAC SMITH.

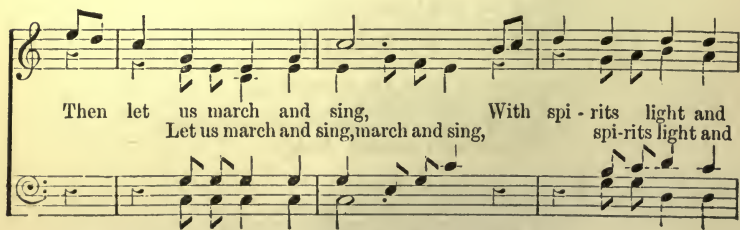
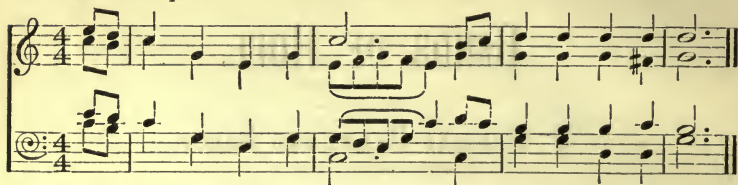


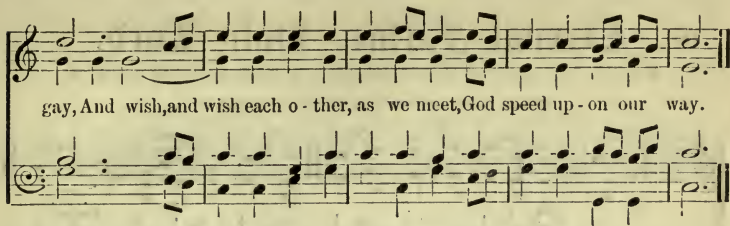
- 1 **A**LL-gracious Lord, we look to Thee
With gratitude and fear ;
And pray that Thou would'st with us be
Throughout this glad new year.
- 2 Oh ! bless the young and rising race,
And ever help them shun
The tempter's paths, and give them grace
Their course with zeal to run.
- 3 *Our arms are weak, the foe is strong,*
But Thou art mightier far ;
AND IN THY NAME, 'GAINST CRAFT AND WRONG,
WE'LL WAGE VICTORIOUS WAR.
- 4 Anew our vows we ratify ;
Thy help, Thy strength bestow,
THY FULNESS SHALL OUR NEED SUPPLY ;
THY PRESENCE WITH US GO.

2 Another year has flown.

Words by ALFRED BACON. Air "Le Petit Tambour," Arranged by ROBERT GRIFFITHS.
(By permission.)

Bold and spirited.





gay, And wish, and wish each o - ther, as we meet, God speed up - on our way.

- 1 **A** NOTHER year has flown
So swiftly on its way,
With friends so dear, from far and near,
We gather here to-day
We fight against a foe
That binds both good and brave,
And firm we'll stand, a Temperance band,
And seek the lost to save.
THEN LET US MARCH AND SING,
WITH SPIRITS LIGHT AND GAY,
AND WISH EACH OTHER, AS WE MEET,
GOD SPEED UPON OUR WAY.

- 2 We come in youth's bright morn,
And with glad hearts rejoice
That now we tread in Wisdom's ways,
And make her paths our choice.

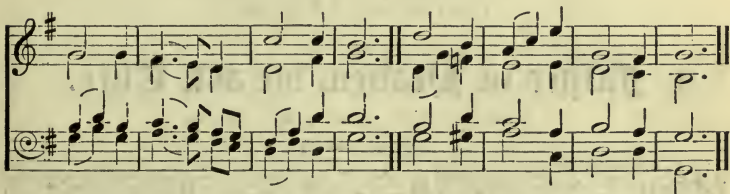
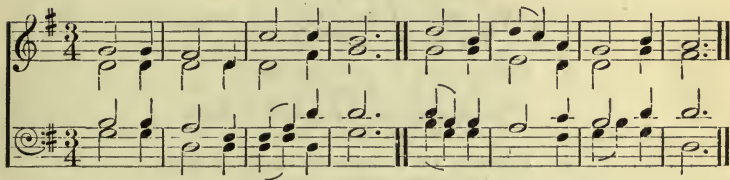
*And should we tempted be
From right to turn aside,
We'll ask for help to stand our ground,
From Him who is our Guide.*

THEN LET US, &c.

- 3 THEN LET US ONWARD MARCH,
A FIRM UNITED BAND,
DETERMINED YET TO WIN THE DAY,
AND EVERY FOE WITHSTAND.
THE GLORIOUS DAY SHALL DAWN,
O BE IT OURS TO SEE,
WHEN MAN SHALL BE NO MORE ENSLAVED,
AND BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE,
THEN LET US, &c.

3 Christ our Saviour, now above.

Words by J. HILTON. Music from MOZART.



- 1 **C**HRISt our Saviour, now above,
Son of God, whose name is Love,
Who hast died that we may live,
Now, we pray, a blessing give.
2 While for Temperance now we plead,
Grant our efforts may succeed:
For we know, without Thy might
'Tis in vain we meet to-night.

- 3 Guard us with Thy mighty hand,
Lead our youthful Temperance Band,
Guide us, O Celestial King,
To our cause great triumphs bring.
4 MAY WE ALL IN TRUTH BE BOLD,
RICH AND POOR, AND YOUNG AND OLD;
AND UNITE IN ONE GREAT AIM,
TO BRING GLORY TO THY NAME.

4 Eternal Father, Holy Lord.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. (*By permission.*) Tune "Claremont," by J. FOSTER.

(From "The Bristol Tune Book," *By permission.*)



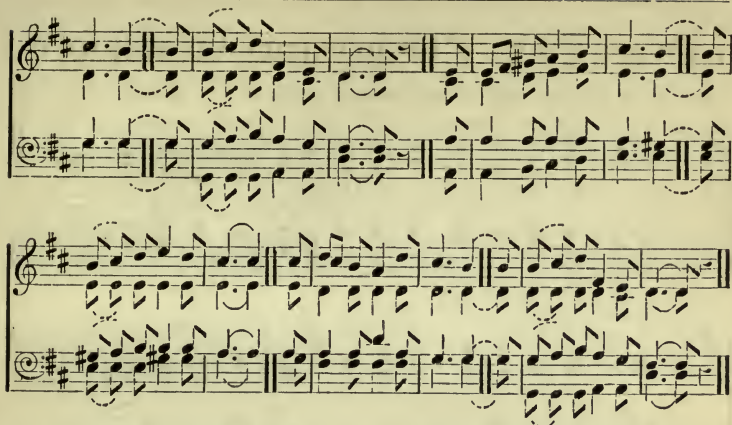
- 1 **E**THERNAL Father, holy Lord,
Thou God of sovereign grace,
Draw near us, we implore Thee, now,
Reveal Thy smiling face.
- 2 *With contrite, humble, trustful hearts,*
We bow before Thy throne,
Thy name we bless, Thy love proclaim,
Thy gracious care we own.
- 3 *Have mercy on our fatherland,*
Its sinful past forgive,
Thy blessings may its children share,
And in Thy favour live.
- 4 Prosper the Temperance cause, we pray,
Thy light and life afford,
OUR EFFORTS CROWN WITH TRUE SUCCESS,
TEACH US TO OWN THEE LORD.

5 Father in Heaven, we ask Thee.

Words by L. W. P. Music by W. H. BONNER.

(*By permission.*)



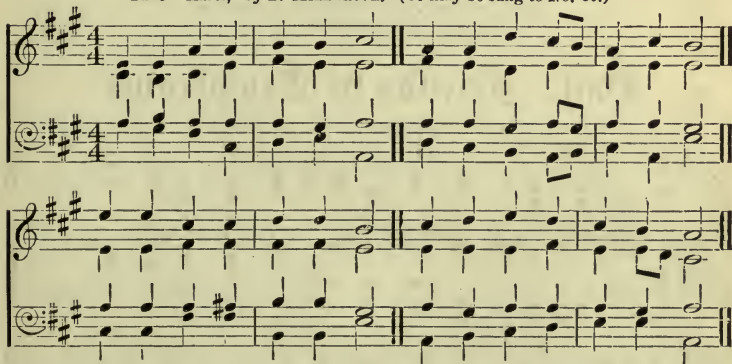


- 1 **F**ATHER in Heaven, we ask Thee
 Our Band of Hope to bless;
 O let Thy loving favour
 Crown it with much success;
 We want it to accomplish
 All that it may and should,
 To weaken powers of evil,
 And strengthen powers of good.
- Girls.* { 2 Give to the boys true courage,
 That, as to men they grow,
 And drinking comrades tempt them,
 Firmly they'll answer "No!"

- Boys.* { And keep the girls all steadfast,
 And may they help to win,
 By love and good examples,
 Many from paths of sin.
- 3 Hear us, O hear us, Father,
 For Jesus' own dear sake,
 Give us a rich full blessing,
 And each a blessing make.
 AND THINE SHALL BE THE GLORY,
 WE'LL YIELD THEE ALL THE PRAISE,
 NOR WILT THOU SPURN THE TRIBUTE
 OUR BAND OF HOPE SHALL RAISE.

6 Friends of Temperance, welcome here.

Tune "Harts," by B. MILLGROVE. (Or may be sung to No. 36.)



- 1 **F**RIENDS OF TEMPERANCE, WELCOME HERE,
 CHEERFUL ARE OUR HEARTS TO-DAY;
 We have met that we may hear
 How our cause speeds on its way.
- 2 'Tis on us the work depends,
 On the young and rising race;
 And we'll try to make amends
 For our country's deep disgrace.

- 3 Here we pledge ourselves anew,
 Not to touch the drunkard's drink;
 Proving faithful, proving true,
 We will from no duty shrink.
- 4 Come and aid us in the fight,
 Make our growing army strong;
 JOYFULLY WITH US UNITE.
 SWELL THE GLAD TRIUMPHAL SONG.

7 Great God, Thy presence we implore.

Words by Dr. JABEZ BURNS. Tune "St. Peter," by A. R. REINAGLE.



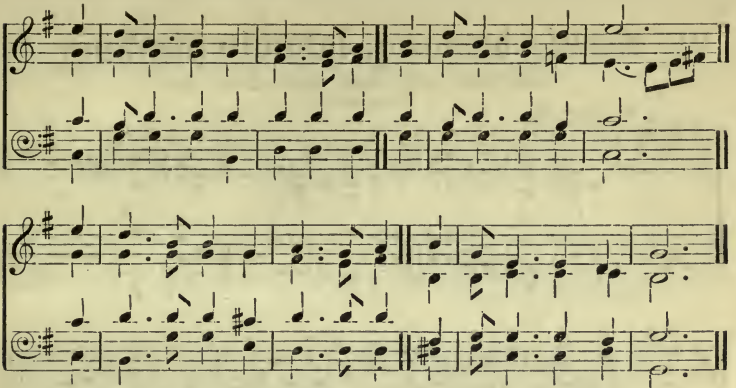
- 1 GREAT God ! Thy presence we implore,
While we together meet ;
With reverence would we humbly bow
Before Thy mercy-seat.
- 2 Let Truth and Temperance soon prevail
Throughout our favoured land ;
AND MAY A NUMEROUS HOST COME FORTH
To JOIN OUR GROWING BAND.
- 3 Let young and old, let rich and poor,
Their energies unite,
UNTIL ALL PEOPLE, CLIMES, AND TONGUES,
IN ABSTINENCE DELIGHT.

8 Hail ! Friends of Temperance.

Words by A. EWART. Air "Auld Lang Syne."

Bold and spirited.





- 1 **ALL!** friends of Temperance, brothers all,
 We bid you welcome here,
 To join us while we celebrate
 With joy another year.
 THEN LET US JOIN BOTH HEART AND HAND,
 HERE LET US ALL UNITE,
 AND FORM A SOLID TEMPERANCE BAND,
 TO BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT.
- 2 Another festal day has come,
 And still we persevere,
 RESOLVED OUR WORK TO CARRY ON
 WITH VIGOUR EVERY YEAR.
 THEN LET US JOIN, &c.

- 3 We are resolved, let come what will,
 Our motto still shall be,
 Excelsior, onward, upward, still,
 Love and fidelity.
 THEN LET US JOIN, &c.

- 4 Then, friends and brothers, let us pray
 That God be with us here,
 To bless our labours night and day,
 In every coming year.
 THEN LET US JOIN, &c.

9 Lord, for the guidance of Thy hand.

Tune "Angels' Hymn," by ORLANDO GIBBONS.



- 1 **LORD!** for the guidance of Thy hand,
 And strength that we may firmly stand,
 We come, a lowly Temperance Band:
 We come to Thee! we come to Thee!
- 2 Still would we labour to relieve
 The families that round us grieve;
 BUT THOU CANST EVERY BLESSING GIVE:
 WE COME TO THEE! we come to Thee!

- 3 Though many, Lord, would help us on,
 Away from Thee our hope is gone,
 And strength without Thee there is none:
 We come to Thee! we come to Thee!
- 4 To Thee, our Father and our Guide,
 That Thou would'st o'er our work preside,
 That truth may grow and love abide:
 WE COME TO THEE! we come to Thee!

10 Lowly bending, humbly pleading.

Words by Rev. R. ROBINSON. Music by J. TILLEARD.
(By permission.)

Prayerfully.



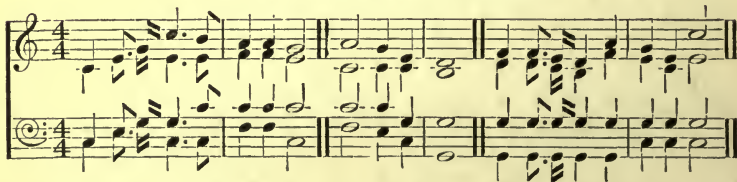
- 1 **L**OWLY bending, humbly pleading,
 Father! listen to our cry;
 See us waiting, interceding;
 Save, Thou wilt not pass us by;
 Help, oh help us!
 Send us succour from on high.
- 2 We are young, exposed, defenceless,
 Thou our loving Saviour art;
 Dangers throng us; foes relentless

Lure us from "the better part,"
 Oh constrain us
 Now to Thee to yield the heart!

- 3 Once again our vows recording,
 We from sinful snares would flee,
 May Thy Spirit, grace affording,
 Bind us, heart and soul, to Thee;
 Thus prepare us,
 THINE TO BE ETERNALLY.

11 Now that another year has flown.

Words and Music by A. J. MEMI. (By permission.)



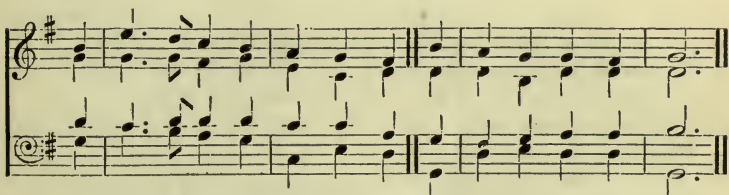


- 1 **N**OW that another year has flown
Swiftly away,
We praise the Lord for mercies shown
From day to day ;
For favours to our Temperance band,
Spreading our cause from land to land ;
In all we see His mighty hand—
We own His sway.
- 2 What cause for thankfulness have we
On every side ;
Many have joined our ranks, we see,
And drink defied.

- God shield them in temptation's hour,
For man is nought without His power ;
But He to them will prove a tower,
Where they may hide.
- 3 But while we praise for years gone by,
We still would pray
That in the years which yet may fly,
He'll be our stay.
May numbers daily join our cause,
Fighting for freedom's noblest laws ;
Seeking for God's, not man's applause,
To cheer their way.

12 Once more revolving seasons.

Tune "Winchester Old."



- 1 **O**NCE more revolving seasons bring
The time of festive cheer ;
Once more we tune our voice to sing
To Him who rules the year.
- 2 Protected by His sovereign love,
In virtue's path still found,
We meet this day the joys to prove
Which in our hearts abound.
- 3 To warn from vice our fellow youth,
The wanderer to reclaim,
The drunkard guide to paths of truth,
Be our untiring aim.
- 4 *Great God! to Thee our prayers we*
O give our cause success ; [*raise,*
AND WHILE WE OFFER UP OUR PRAISE,
OUR HUMBLE EFFORTS BLESS.

13 Once more we gather round us.

Words by STELLA E. J. GARD. Tune "Lymington," by R. JACKSON.
(By permission.)

Firmly.



1 ONCE more we gather round us
Dear friends so tried and true,
The cord of love hath bound us ;
Thus we are, strong, if few :
Throughout this mighty nation
Our voice shall soon be heard
In tones of acclamation,
Till every heart is stirred.

2 We battle not for glory,
We fight not for renown,
We ask not place in story,
Nor seek a starry crown.

*Apollyon's proudest minion
Is stalking o'er the land,
Extending his dominion
With fell, relentless hand.*

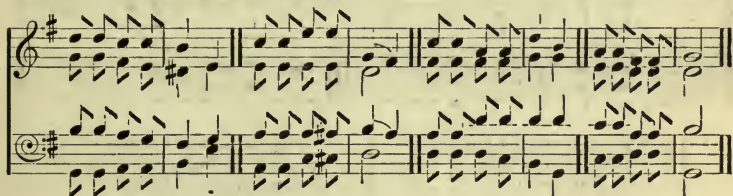
3 With purpose true and holy,
With high resolve and pure,
With prayerful heart and lowly,
With courage to endure,
ON GOD ALONE RELYING
FOR STRENGTH TO AIM THE BLOW.
WE SEEK, THE WORLD DEFYING,
TO LAY THIS TYRANT LOW.

14

On this day of gladness.

Words by ALFRED BARGANT. (By permission.) Music from HAYDN.

Steadily and boldly.



1 **O**N this day of gladness,
Join we heart and hand ;
Let the strains of Temperance
Ring throughout our band.
For the Lord hath led us
Thus far on our way,
He hath blessed our movement,
Been our strength and stay.
ONWARD THEN TO BATTLE,
FAINT NOT IN THE STRIFE ;
TRUTH SHALL BE VICTORIOUS,
GOD DEFENDS THE RIGHT.

2 Like a mighty army,
See the children stand,
Pledged to drive Intemperance
From our native land.

*We may never witness
Such a glorious end,
But our Heavenly Father
Will deliverance send.*

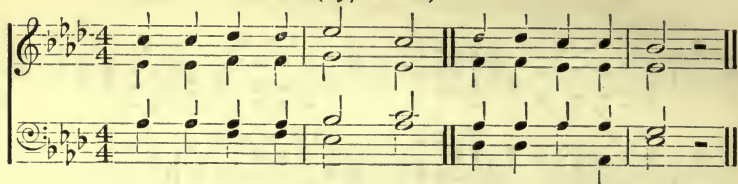
ONWARD THEN, &c.

3 GLORIOUS IS OUR MISSION,
NOBLE, BRAVE, AND TRUE ;
BROTHERS, COME AND JOIN US,
WE HAVE NEED OF YOU.
IN THIS MIGHTY CONFLICT
FAITHFUL HEARTS SHALL WIN,
JESUS AND HIS KINGDOM
TRIUMPH OVER SIN.

ONWARD THEN, &c.

15 Bless us, Heavenly Father.

Words by ROWLAND HILL. Tune "Eudoxia," by S. BARING GOULD.
(By permission.)



- 1 **B**LESS us, Heavenly Father,
Bowling at Thy feet,
Hear our lowly praises,
For Thy love so sweet.
- 2 May this meeting strengthen
For the morrow's fight
All who now are singing
In Thy holy sight.
- 3 May the lives Thou givest
Evermore be Thine;

- Serving Thee in earnest—
Not by empty sign.
- 4 Bless the little children,
And what'er betide
In this world of struggle—
Be their only Guide.
- 5 So may earth grow purer
As the children sing
Songs that herald Vict'ry
For the children's King.

16 Samson, the strongest man.

Words by Dr. JABEZ BURNS. Tune "Swabia."

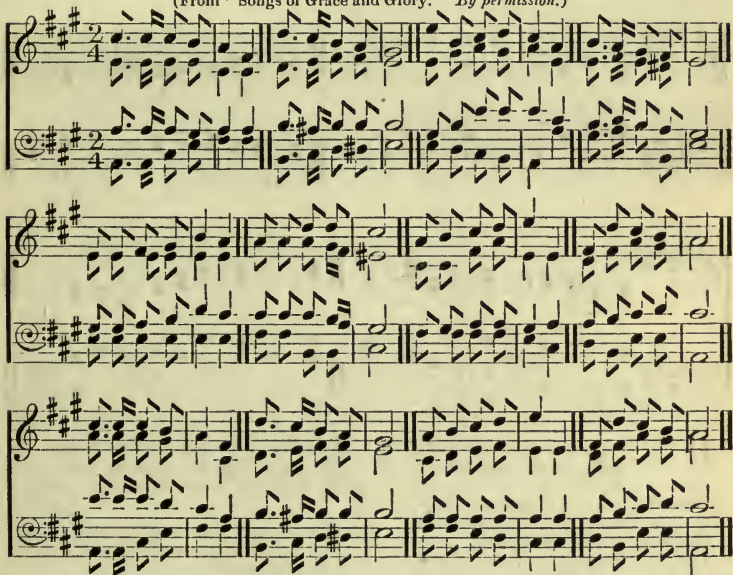


- 1 **S**AMSON, the strongest man,
From all strong drink abstained ;
Then surely strength and robust health
Are not by drinking gained.
- 2 Daniel, so truly good,
Would not himself defile
With wine the royal princes drank,
Nor make his conscience vile.
- 3 The noble Baptist, John—
Herald of Jesus' reign—

- Did only cooling water drink,
As those who now abstain.
- 4 And Paul himself avowed
If wine did give offence—
To save a brother weak and frail
He would not taste it hence.
- 5 **WITH THESE EXAMPLES, THEN,
OF WISDOM, STRENGTH, AND GRACE,
I'LL EVERMORE FROM DRINK ABSTAIN,
AND JOIN THE TEMPERANCE RACE.**

17 Raise the song of triumph.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Tune "Hermas," by Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.
(From "Songs of Grace and Glory." By permission.)

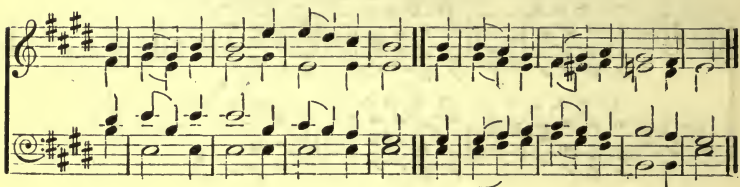
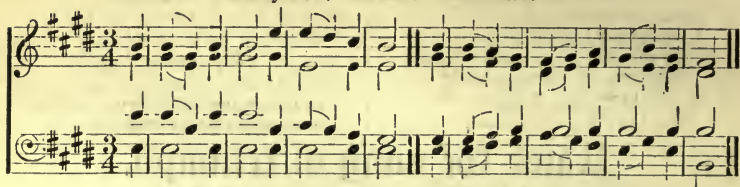


- 1 **R**AISE the song of triumph,
Swell the joyous strain,
Sing we hallelujah,
That we meet again
Where we oft have rallied
In the days of yore,
With heroic spirits
Whom we greet no more ;
Raise our Ebenezer,
With glad hearts and free ;
**SWELL THE SONG OF TRIUMPH,
FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE WE.**
- 2 Onward, ever onward,
Be our motto now ;
Faithful to our leaders,
Loyal to our vow.
Forward, ever forward,
Strong to face the foe ;

- Through the toil and conflict,
Singing as we go.
UPWARD, EVER UPWARD,
PRESS TOWARD THE PRIZE,
AS OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH
ECHOES IN THE SKIES !
- 3 Down the future ages
Strain our longing eyes,
Till our raptured vision
See fresh victories :
See the tyrant conquered,
Fettered souls set free,
**SEE OUR COUNTRY RANSOMED
FROM DRINK'S SLAVERY.**
Sing we but the prelude
Of the minstrelsy
**THAT SHALL GREET THE TRIUMPH
OF SOBRIETY.**

18 O Thou whose chosen place.

Words by W. S. PETERSON. Tune "Stella."



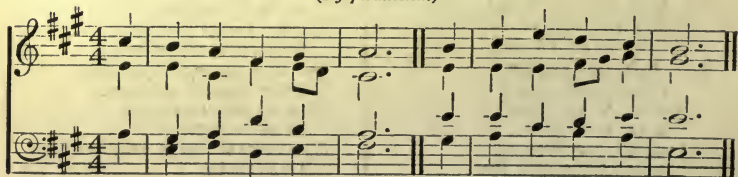
- 1 **O** THOU, whose chosen place of birth
Was 'mid the humblest scenes of
earth,
Who didst all scorn and pain endure,
To save the lost and bless the poor :
Our duty in Thy life we see,
And pray for grace to follow Thee.
- 2 Thou who hast taught us by Thy word
The servant's not above his lord,
Give us the courage which we need,

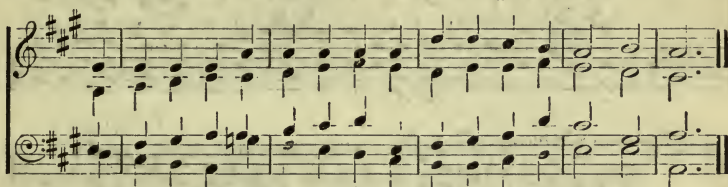
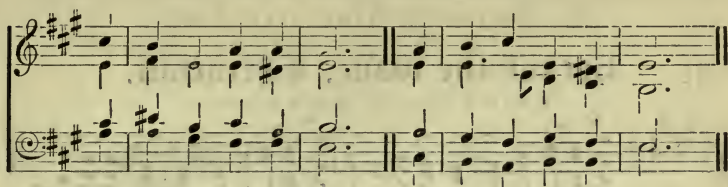
To follow Thee in word and deed :
The highest honour that we crave,
Be this, **THE LOST TO SEEK AND SAVE.**

- 3 *Where'er the wine-cup's deadly blight
Has shrouded hearts in sorrow's night ;
Our eyes to all its evils ope,
Inspire our souls with faith and hope,
AND MAY OUR CHARITY EXTEND
AS THINE—ALIKE TO FOE AND FRIEND.*

19 Pledged in a noble cause.

Tune "St. Godric," by Rev. J. B. DYKES.
(By permission.)





1 **P**LEDGED in a noble cause,
We here each other greet,
And, bound by Temperance laws,
As friends and brethren meet,
To make a full determined stand
Against the foe that rules our land.

2 Our Leader is the Lord,
Who reigns from pole to pole,
AND SWIFTLY AT HIS WORD
THE MIGHTY THUNDERS ROLL ;

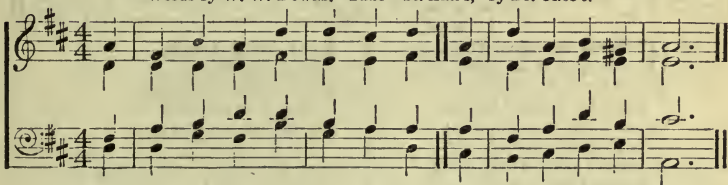
Forth led by Him our faithful band
Shall chase intemperance from the
land.

3 Then onward let us press,
Our cause is good and great ;
Cheered by our past success
We'll make the foe retreat,
NOT FOR A MOMENT QUARTER GIVE,
RESOLVED FOR TRUTH TO WORK AND
LIVE.

20

With grateful hearts.

Words by W. W. DOWNS. Tune "St. Ann's," by Dr. CROFT.



1 **W**ITH grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
Whom earth and heav'n adore,
Before Thy throne again we come,
And blessings new implore.

2 We know the cause in which we're joined
Is worthy of our zeal !
OH ! GRANT THAT ALL WHO FILL OUR
RANKS
THE GLOWING FIRE MAY FEEL !

3 To-day we meet with swelling hearts,
Our Temperance flag to raise,
And rear, beneath its folds of light,
An altar to Thy praise.

4 And on this consecrated shrine,
Our richest gifts we'll lay
WITH CHEERFULNESS, BECAUSE WE
KNOW
THE RIGHT SHALL WIN THE DAY.

II.—RELIGIOUS HYMNS AND SONGS.

21 **Breast the wave, Christian.**

Words by J. STAMMERS. Music by H. BURNET.

The musical score for 'Breast the wave, Christian.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff, with the instruction 'D.C. for verses 2 & 3.' written above the treble staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff, with the instruction 'CODA.' written above the treble staff. The music features a strong, rhythmic melody in the treble and a supporting bass line.

- 1 **B**REAST the wave, Christian,
 When it is strongest;
 Watch for day, Christian,
 When the night's longest.
 Onward and onward still,
 Be thine endeavour,
 THE REST THAT REMAINETH
 SHALL BE FOR EVER.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee;
 Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee.
 He who hath promised
 Faltereth never,

- The Love of eternity
 Flows on for ever.
- 3 Raise the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
 Lift the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
 Thee from the love of Christ
 Nothing shall sever;
 MOUNT WHEN THY WORK IS DONE,
 PRAISE HIM FOR EVER.
- Coda.* FIGHT THE FIGHT, CHRISTIAN,
 JESUS IS O'ER THEE;
 RUN THE RACE, CHRISTIAN,
 HEAVEN IS BEFORE THEE.

22 **Childhood's years are passing.**Words by W. DICKSON. Tune "St. Mabyrn," by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.
(By permission.)

The musical score for 'Childhood's years are passing.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The music features a gentle, flowing melody in the treble and a supporting bass line.



1 **C**HILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er
Youthful days will soon be gone: [us,
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

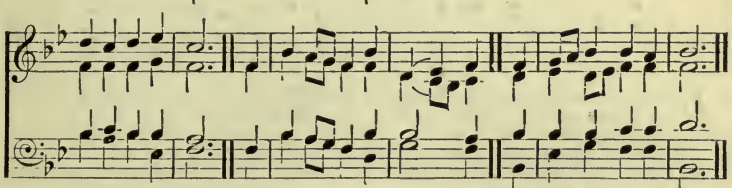
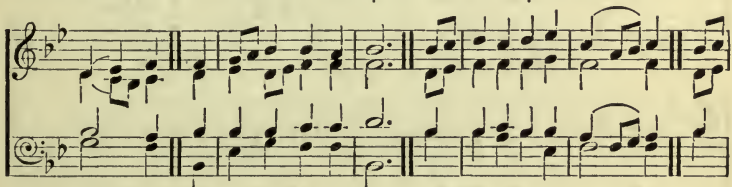
2 O may He, who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark, it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow Me;"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
TEACH US ALL TO FOLLOW THEE.

4 Soon we part: it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever,
OH, THE CROWN OF LIFE TO GAIN!

23 Come, sing with holy gladness.

Words by Rev. J. J. DANIELL. Tune "Ellacombe," from the German,
(From "Hymns Ancient & Modern," By permission.)



1 **C**OME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluia sing,
Uplift your loud hosannahs
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus,
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;

For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden,
The one Redeemer blest.

3 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions,
Rejoice in endless day;
O CHRIST, PREPARE THY CHILDREN,
WITH THAT TRIUMPHANT THROG,
TO PASS THE BURNISHED PORTALS,
AND SING TH' ETERNAL SONG.

24 Lord, we come to ask Thy blessing.

Tune "Chamouni," by G. LOMAS, Mus. Bac. (By permission.)



1 **L**ORD, we come to ask Thy blessing,
 Humbly come on bended knee ;
O receive our resolution,
Which we offer now to Thee !
 We have joined our hearts together,
 In a bond of union true ;
 MAY OUR CHAIN OF PRAYER AND PRO-
 MISE
 STRENGTH AND COURAGE OFT RENEW.

2 Childhood's love and youth's devotion,
 Little gifts they seem to be ;
 But we know that they are precious,
 Offered lovingly to Thee.
Weak the strength of human effort ;
We unaided strive in vain ;
 THOU MUST GRANT THY GRACE AND
 BLESSING,
 IF WE WOULD TRUE VICTORY GAIN.

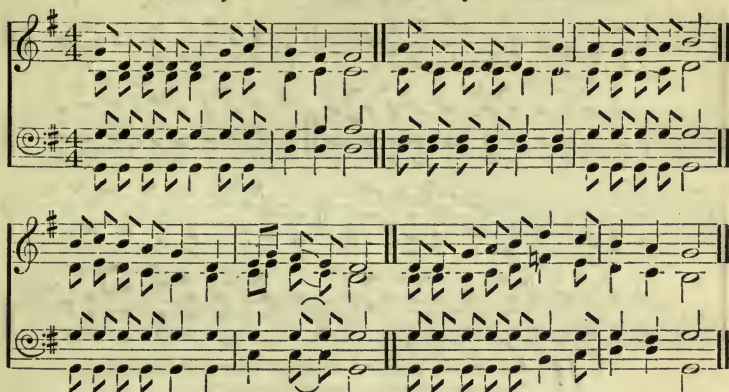
3 SO WE ASK FOR FAITH AND COURAGE,*
 ZEAL TO KEEP OUR PROMISE TRUE,
 GRACE TO DRAW BY GOOD EXAMPLE
 OTHER HEARTS TO JOIN US TOO.
 Bless and sanctify Thy children,
 Weak and sinful though they be ;
 O receive us in our spring time,
 WE WOULD GIVE IT, LORD, TO THEE.

25

Jesus bids us shine.

Words by EMILY MILLER.

Music by E. O. EXCELL.



1 JESUS bids us shine with a pure clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world of darkness, we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it, if our light is dim,
He looks down from heaven, to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine then; for all around
Many kinds of darkness in this world abound;
Sin and want and sorrow; so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

26

Father, Thou hast led us.

Tune "Lilian," by G. J. CHAPPLE. (By permission.)



1 FATHER, Thou hast led us
By Thy loving hand;
Now accept the praises
Of our youthful band.

2 Give us grace to labour,
Faith to trust Thy Word,
Hope to bear us onward,
Love to Christ our Lord.

3 Though we're often tempted,
May we never stray;
In the path of Temp'rance
Keep us day by day.

4 Bless our much-loved country;
Grant that she may be
From the vice which binds her.
Soon, for aye, set free.

27

Hear us, our Father.

Music by G. F. Root.

Soft and slow.

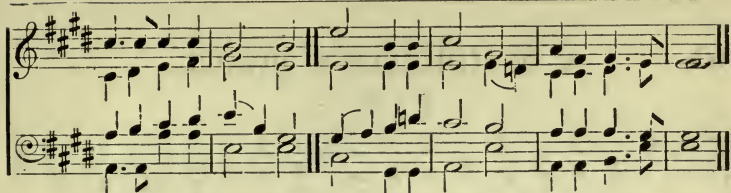
- 1 **H**EAR us, our Father ! we know Thou wilt hear us,
Nor need our voices ascend far away ;
Thou art around us, within us, and near us ;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.
- 2 Love us, our Father ! we know Thou wilt love us,
Thy little children who turn unto Thee ;
For, all around us, within us, above us,
Proofs of Thine infinite kindness we see.
- 3 Aid us, our Father ! we know Thou wilt aid us,
We are so feeble, and Thou art so strong :
Almighty power that sustains us and made us,
Thou wilt protect us from danger and wrong.
- 4 Hear us, our Father, and help us, and love us,
Till more and more of Thyself we shall know ;
WHETHER WE GO TO THE BRIGHT HOME ABOVE US,
OR STAY TO SERVE THEE IN HOMES HERE BELOW.

28

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Words by BISHOP HEBER. Tune "Nicaea," by Dr. DYKES.
(From "Hymns Ancient & Modern," By permission.)





1 **HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!**
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise
to Thee.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
GOD IN THREE PERSONS, BLESSED TRINITY!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy, all the saints adore Thee!
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea; [Thee]
Oherubim and seraphim falling down before
Who wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

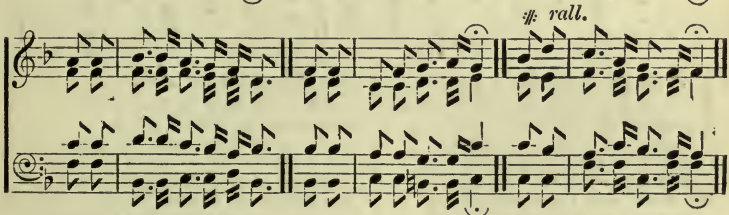
3 **Holy, Holy, Holy, though the darkness hide**
Thee, [not see;
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 **HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!**
ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THY NAME,
IN EARTH, AND SKY, AND SEA:
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, MERCIFUL AND MIGHTY,
GOD IN THREE PERSONS, BLESSED TRINITY!

29 If you cannot on the ocean.

Words by MRS. E. H. GATES. Music by S. M. GRANNIS.
(Or may be sung to No. 193.)

Steadily.



1 **If you cannot on the ocean**
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

2 **If you are too weak to journey**
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;

You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 **Do not then stand idly waiting**
For some greater work to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few.
GO AND TOIL IN ANY VINEYARD,
DO NOT FEAR TO DO OR DARE;
IF YOU WANT A FIELD OF LABOUR,
YOU CAN FIND IT ANYWHERE.

30

The children's prayer.

Tune "Vesper."



1 **L**OVING Father, God of mercy,
 Hear Thy children's earnest prayer,
 As we humbly bow before Thee,
 Trusting in Thy gracious care.
*In a world of strong temptation,
 And exposed to evil ways,
 We would seek Thy preservation,*
GUIDE US IN OUR EARLY DAYS.

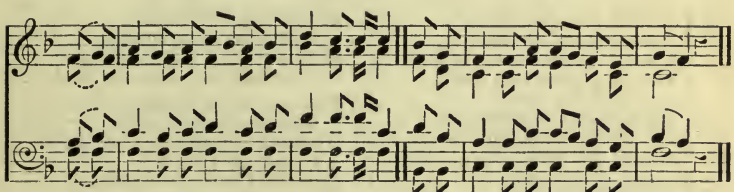
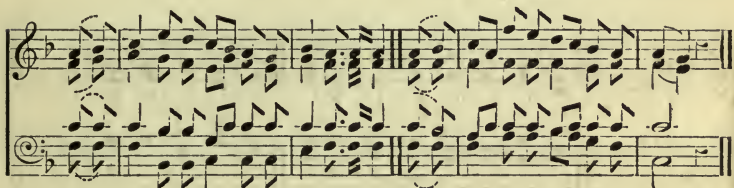
2 From all evil, Lord, defend us,
 That may meet us here below,
*And in tender mercy aid us
 To escape the drunkard's woe;
 Save us from the blight of sadness
 Which the wine-cup casts around;*
**FILL OUR HEARTS WITH HOPE AND GLAD-
 LET THY JOY AND PEACE ABOUND.** [NESS;

3 May we keep the vow recorded,
 Children though in years we be;
 By Thy favour then rewarded,
 Brighter days our land shall see.
 So when this brief life is ended—
 All the days that Thou hast given—
 By Thy love in death befriended,
 May we reach our home in heaven.

31

I think when I read.

Words by Mrs. LUKE. Greek Air.



1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men, [fold,
 How He called little children as lambs to His
 I should like to have been with them then,
 I wish that His hands had been placed on my
 head,
 That His arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look
 when He said
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,
 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 "FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF
 HEAVEN."

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home,
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bld them to come.
 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest, and brightest, and best;
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

32 I want to be like Jesus.

Words by Rev. W. M. WHITTEMORE. (*By permission.*) Tune "Missionary," by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

*I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.*

2 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To anyone unkind.

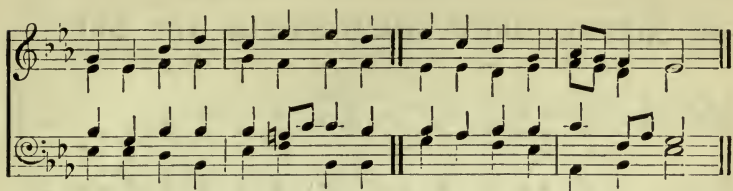
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what *she* could."

3 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me,"
I would obey the call.
*But Oh! I'm not like Jesus,
As anyone may see;*
Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
AND MAKE ME LIKE TO THEE.

33 Jesus Christ, my Lord.

Words by JANE TAYLOR. Tune "Sharon," by Dr. BOYCE.





- 1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me ;
Oh that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be !
- 2 *All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within ;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.*
- 3 *While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possessa,
He was always self-denying,—
Patient in His worst distress.*
- 4 Lord, assist a feeble creature ;
Guide me by Thy word of truth ;
Condescend to be my Teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

34

Jesus is our Shepherd.

Words by Rev. H. STOWELL. Music by YARDLEY.



- 1 JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear ?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd ;
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice :
*Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone :*
None but He shall guide us :
WE ARE HIS ALONE
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd ;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm ;
*When we tread Death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,*
We will fear no evil,
VICTORS O'ER THE TOMB.

35 Jesus, who lived above the sky.

Words by ANN TAYLOR. Tune "Samson," from HANDEL. (May be sung to No. 130.)



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.</p> <p>2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.</p> <p>3 And more than that, He told them too
The things that God would have them do;</p> | <p>And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.</p> <p>4 <i>But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands that did such
good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.</i></p> <p>5 <i>And so He died!</i>—and this is why
He came to be a man and die;—
The Bible says He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.</p> |
|---|---|

36 Let us, with a gladsome mind.

Words from MILTON. Tune "Innocents." (May be sung to No. 6.)



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 L ET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
FOR HIS MERCY SHALL ENDURE,
EVER FAITHFUL, EVER SURE.</p> <p>2 He with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;</p> | <p>3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;</p> <p>4 <i>He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;</i></p> <p>5 <i>His own Son He sent to die,
US TO RAISE TO JOYS ON HIGH;</i></p> |
|---|---|

37

Looking upward.

Words by MARY BUTLER. Tune "Wimbledon," by HENRY LAHER. (By permission.)



- 1 **L**OOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces ;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.
- 2 *Growing every day in awe,
For Thy name is holy ;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.*
- 3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother ;

Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

- 4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder ;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.
- 5 Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.

38 Oh that the Lord would guide.

Words by Dr. WATTS. Tune "Bedford," by W. WHEALL.



- 1 **O**H that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still !
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will !
- 2 Oh send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
*Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.*

- 3 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere ;
*Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.*
- 4 **MAKE ME TO WALK IN THY COMMANDS,**
'TIS A DELIGHTFUL ROAD ;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

39

On to the conflict.

Words by W. BENNETT. Music by W. H. DOANE.

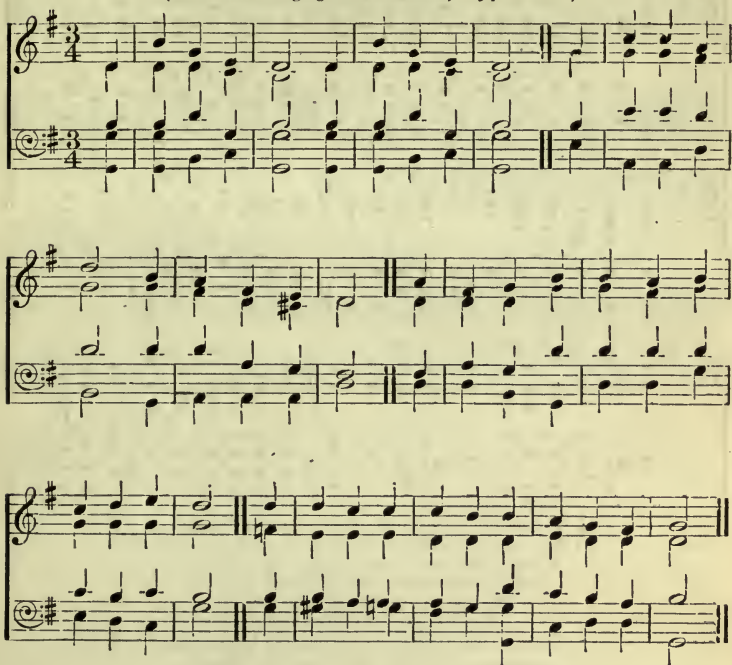
Spirited.

- 1 ON to the conflict, soldiers for the right,
 Arm you with the Spirit's sword, and march to the fight ;
 Truth be your watchword, sound the ringing cry,
 VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY !
 Ever this the war-cry, VICTORY, VICTORY !
 Ever this the war-cry, VICTORY !
 Write it on your banners, waft it on the breeze,
 VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY !
- 2 Valiant and cheerful, marching right along,
 Every foe shall quit the field, though haughty and strong ;
 Fear shall oppress them, truth shall make them flee :
 VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY !
 Ever this, &c.
- 3 Soon shall the warfare and the conflict cease,
 Soon shall dawn the welcome day of resting and peace ;
 Foes all subdued, we'll raise to heaven the cry,
 VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY !
 Ever this, &c.

40

Worship the King.

Words by Sir ROBERT GRANT. Tune "Houghton," by Dr. GAUNTLETT.
(From "The Congregational Psalmist," By permission.)



1 **W**ORSHIP the King all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite !
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3 *Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,*
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
OUR MAKER, DEFENDER, REDEEMER, AND FRIEND.

4 **O MEASURELESS MIGHT ! INEFFABLE LOVE !**
WHILE ANGELS DELIGHT TO HYMN THEE ABOVE,
THY RANSOMED CREATION, THOUGH FEEBLE THEIR LAYS,
WITH TRUE ADORATION SHALL LISP TO THY PRAISE.

41

Rescue the perishing.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. H. DOANE.
Earnestly.

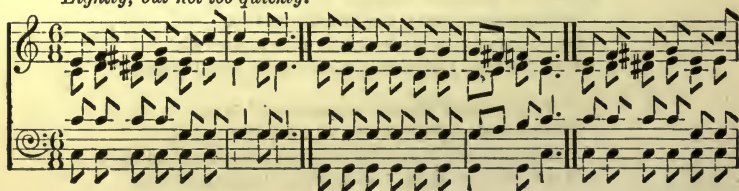


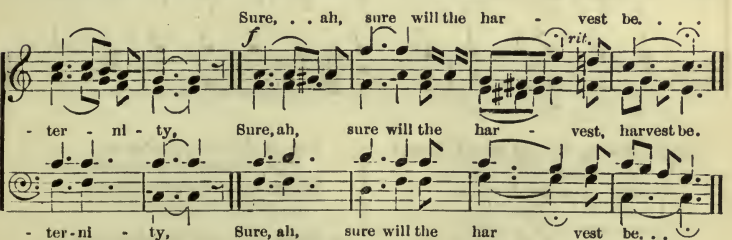
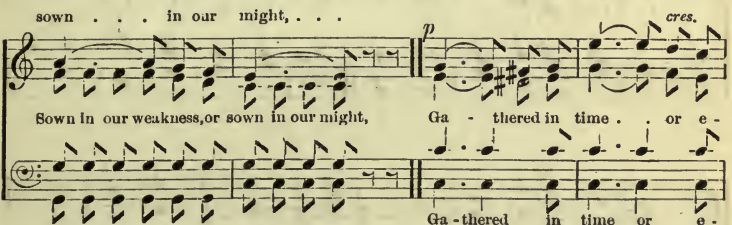
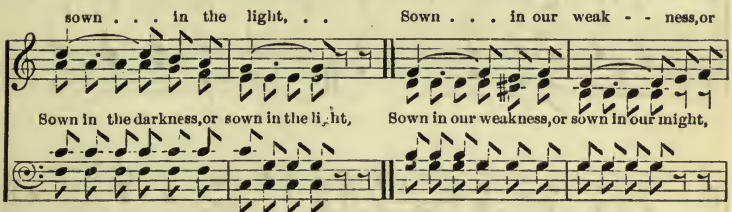
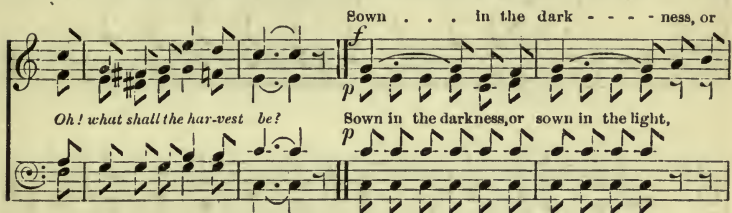
- 1 **R**ESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus, **THE MIGHTY TO SAVE.**
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
 Jesus is merciful, **JESUS WILL SAVE.**
- 2 *Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,*
Feelings lie buried that Grace can restore :
 Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
 Rescue the perishing, &c.
- 3 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it ;
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide :
 Back to the narrow way patiently win them ;
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
 Rescue the perishing, &c.

42

Sowing the seed.

Words by Mrs. EMILY S. OAKLEY. Music by P. P. BLISS.
Lightly, but not too quickly.





- 1 SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed in the noon-day glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
 Oh! what shall the harvest be?

- 2 Sowing the seed by the way-side nigh,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,

Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:
 Oh! what shall the harvest be?

- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
 Oh! what shall the harvest be?

43 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Words by Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD. Tune "New York," by G. J. WEBB.
(May be sung to No. 90)

Bold and spirited.



1 **STAND** up ! stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own :

Put on the Gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song :
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

44 We bring no glittering treasures.

Words by Miss PHILLIPS. Tune "Angels' Story," by A. H. MANN, Mus.D., Oxon.
(By permission.)



1 WE bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine ;
We come with simple measures,
To claim Thy love divine.
Thy constant favours sharing,
Our voice of thanks we raise,
O Lord, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary ;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing,
Oh, teach us how to pray ;
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread's life's onward way.
There, where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again ;
And sweeter numbers swelling,
FOR EVER PRAISE THY NAME.

45 The world looks very beautiful.

Words by ANNA R. WARNER. Music by FRED. W. BLAGOW, A.R.C.O.

(By permission.)



1 THE world looks very beautiful,
And full of joy to me ;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see ;
I know I shall be happy,
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus,
All the way.

2 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
To lay at Jesus' feet ;

He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away ;
WITH JOY I'LL FOLLOW JESUS,
ALL THE WAY.

3 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear ;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near ;
*Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day ;*
TO HEAVEN I'LL FOLLOW JESUS,
ALL THE WAY.

46 God make my life a little light.

Words by MATILDA B. EDWARDS. Tune "Sawley," by J. WALCH.





Org.

1 GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

2 God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

3 God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;

THAT HELPETH OTHERS TO BE STRONG,
AND MAKES THE SINGER GLAD.

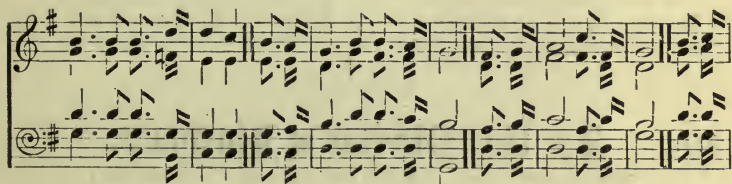
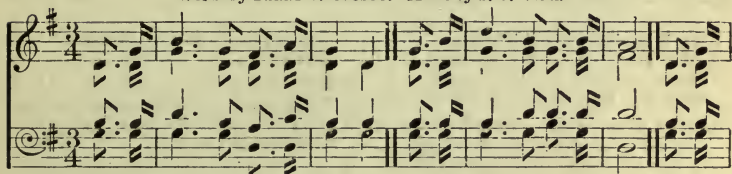
4 Go! make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tender-ess and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim—
In all His wondrous ways.

47 Thou, my everlasting Portion.

[CLOSE TO THEE.]

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by S. J. VAIL.



1 THOU, my everlasting Portion,
More than friend or life to me;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
||: Close to Thee, close to Thee :||
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

2 Not for ease, or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;

Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, &c.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.
Close to Thee, &c.

43 We are but little children weak.

Words by Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. Tune "Alstone," by C. E. WILLING.
(From "Hymns Ancient & Modern," By permission.)



1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high, and good, and great?

2 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

3 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,

Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

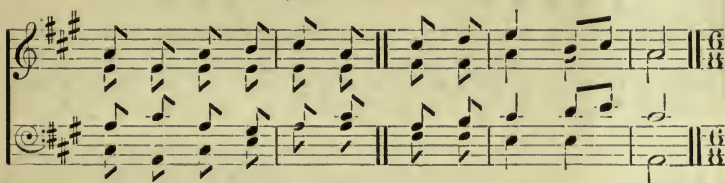
4 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
AND STILL DO ALL FOR JESUS' SAKE.

5 There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
THAT HE MAY DO FOR JESUS' SAKE.

49 In the Master's vineyard.

Words by JAMES FORD. Music by CAREY BONNER. (By permission.)
Brightly.





REFRAIN (TREBLES ONLY).



1 *I* N the Master's vineyard
There is work to do
For the youngest worker
Who is brave and true ;
Jesus calls the children
In their early days,
To the work that brings Him
Everlasting praise.
Jesus, keep me faithful, &c.

2 *T*hough our hands are tender,
Though our feet are small,
They may yield obedience
To the Master's call ;
O then let us serve Him,
For our deeds of love
Are the things He looks for
From His throne above.
Jesus, keep me faithful, &c.

3 To the little worker
Jesus will give power,
And, 'mid all the labour,
Brighten ev'ry hour.
WHEN THE DAYS OF WORKING
THEIR SHORT COURSE HAVE RUN,
TO EACH LITTLE WORKER
HE WILL SAY " WELL DONE."
Jesus, keep me faithful, &c.

50 Marching beneath the Banner.

Words by COLIN STERNE. Music by H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

(Copyright. By permission of H. E. Nichol, 41, Baker Street, Hull.)

TREBLES AND ALTOS ONLY. *March time.*

1. Hark to the sound of voi - ces, Hark to the tramp of feet,

Is it a migh - ty ar - my Tread - ing the bus - y street?

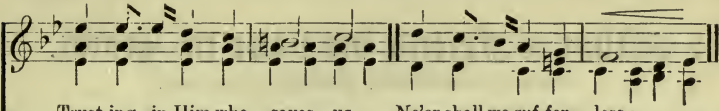
FOUR PARTS.

Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re - frain,

List what they say as they haste away To the sound of a mar - tial strain.

REFRAIN. *Unison. Well marked in the Bass.*

"Marching beneath the ban - ner, Fight - ing beneath the cross,

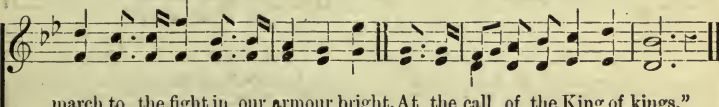


Trust-ing in Him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf-fer loss :

HARMONY.



Sing-ing the songs of Home - land, Loud - ly the chor-us rings : We



march to the fight in our armour bright, At the call of the King of kings."

2 Out of the bonds of evil,
 Out of the chains of sin,
 Ever they're pressing onward,
 Fighting the fight within ;
 Holding the passions under,
 Ruling the sense with soul,
 WIELDING THE SWORD IN THE NAME OF THE LORD,
 AS THEY MARCH TO THEIR HEAVENLY GOAL.

"Marching beneath the banner," &c.

3 On, then, ye gallant soldiers,
 On to your home above.
 Yours is the truth and glory,
 Yours is the power and love.
 Here are ye trained for heroes,
 Yonder ye serve the King :
 March to the light 'neath the banner white,
 With the song that ye love to sing :—

"Marching beneath the banner," &c.

NOTE.—In verses 1 and 2 the effect should be produced of the gradual approach of a band of soldiers.

51 What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Words by JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Music by O. C. CONVERSE.



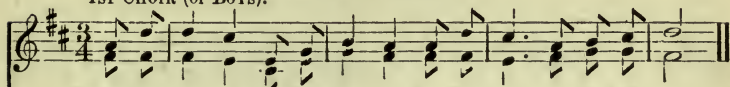
- 1 **WHAT** a Friend we have in Jesus ;
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer !
*Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—*
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 *Have we trials and temptations !
 Is there trouble anywhere !
 We should never be discouraged ;
 TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER.*

- Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 *Are we weak and heavy-laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care !
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee !
 TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER ;
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 THOU WILT FIND A SOLACE THERE.*

52 Whither, pilgrims, are you going?

Music by W. D. BRADBURY.


1ST CHOIR (OR BOYS).



1. Whi-ther, pil-gims, are you go-ing, Go-ing each with staff in land?

pp (Humming.)

2ND CHOIR (OR GIRLS).




We are go-ing on a jour-ney, Go-ing at our King's com-mand,

pp (Humming.)

FULL CHOIR.



O-ver hills, and plains, and val-leys, We are go-ing to His pa-lace,



We are go-ing to His pa-lace, Go-ing to the bet-ter land,



We are go-ing to His pa-lace, Go-ing to the bet-ter land,

1 CH. Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land.
2 CH. Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand,
CHO. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
¶ We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land. :]

1 CH. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright, that better land?
2 CH. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band,
CHO. Come, oh come and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
¶ Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land. :]

53

Father, lead me.

Words by JOHN PAGE HOPPS (by permission). Tune "St. Martin." (Or to No. 3, 6, or 36.)



- 1 FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way ;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
- 2 When in danger, make me brave ;
Make me know that Thou canst save ;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side,
Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong ;
And, when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

- 4 WHEN MY HEART IS FULL OF GLEE,
HELP ME TO REMEMBER THEE —
HAPPY MOST OF ALL TO KNOW
THAT MY FATHER LOVES ME SO.
- 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily ;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
EVERMORE THY CHILD TO BE.

54

You and I.

Words by MRS. L. SHOREY. Music by CAREY BONNER. (By permission.)

Con spirito.



* After last verse end on this chord.

f Voices in unison. With spirit.

1. Let us help each o-ther onward—You and I; Onward, upward, pre sing homeward,

You and I, Hold-ing fast the tried, the true, Searching, proving

what is new, Though we may be on - ly two— You and I . . . D.S.

2 Let us help each other ever—
 You and I;
Nought but death our friendship sever,
 You and I.
 Let our aims all upward tend,
 Each to each assistance lend,
 Till our work on earth shall end,
 You and I.

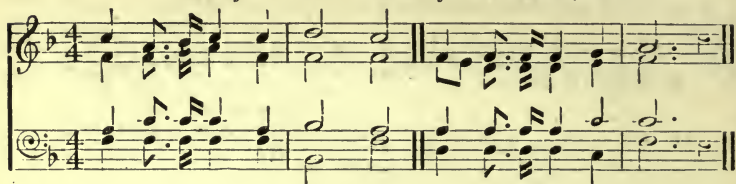
3 We have each a noble mission—
 You and I;
 Hold we each our Lord's commission,
 You and I.
 War to wage against the foe
 That is laying thousands low;
 So TO FIGHT THE DRINK WE GO,
 YOU AND I.

4 When at last the warfare ended,
 You and I
 Victors have to God ascended;
 You and I
 WILL OUR JOYFUL VOICES RAISE,
 GIVE TO JESUS ALL THE PRAISE,
 BLESS HIM THROUGH ETERNAL DAYS,
 YOU AND I.

NOTE.—Verses 3 and 4 are altered by special permission.

55 Work, for the night is coming.

Words by A. L. COGHILL. Music by LOWELL MASON.



1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours,
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon;

Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies,
 See rosy tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies:
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

III.—MORAL AND SOCIAL SONGS.

56 Be not swift to take offence.

[LET IT PASS.]
Music by S. J. VAILL.

1 **B**E not swift to take offence,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Anger is a foe to sense ;

Let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long,
Rather sing this cheery song,

Let it pass.
||: Merrily, cheerily sing this song, :||
BETTER TO BE WRONGED THAN WRONG,
LET IT PASS.

2 *Echo not an angry word ;*
Let it pass, let it pass.
Think how often you have erred ;
Let it pass.

*Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops and the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay ?*
LET IT PASS.

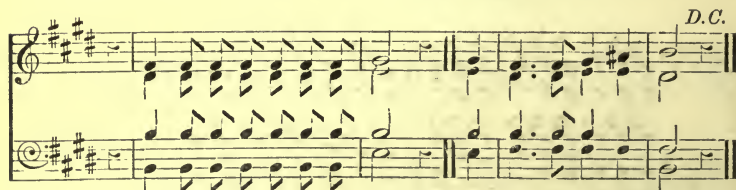
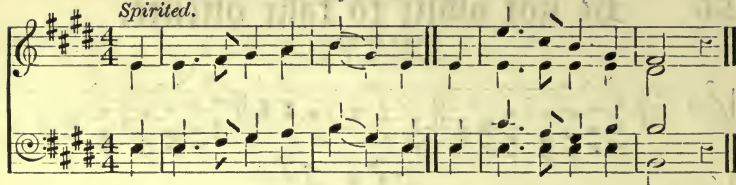
Merrily, cheerily, &c.

3 If for good you've taken ill ;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Oh, be kind and gentle still ;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight ;
Let us not resent, but wait,
AND OUR TRIUMPH SHALL BE GREAT :
LET IT PASS.

MERRILY, CHEERILY, &c.

57 Come, friends, the world.

Music by T. F. SEWARD.

Spirited.

- 1 COME, friends, the world wants merr-
ing,
Let none sit down and rest,
But seek to work like heroes,
And nobly do your best ;
Do what you can for fellow-man,
With honest heart and true,
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.
COME, FRIENDS, &c.

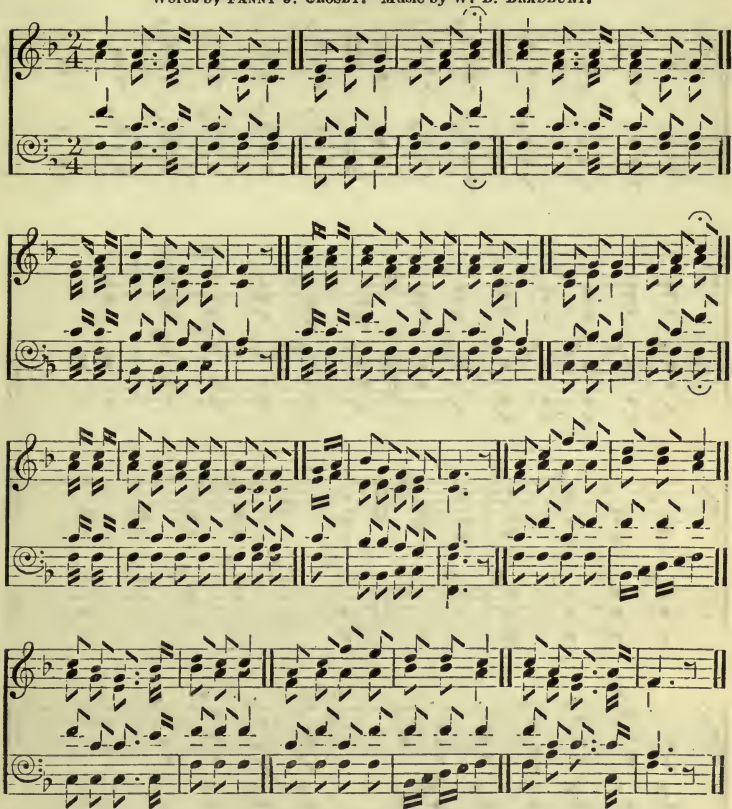
- 2 Though you can do but little,
That little's something still ;
You'll find a way for something,
If you but have the will.

NOW BRAVELY FIGHT FOR WHAT IS
RIGHT,
AND GOD WILL HELP YOU THROUGH ;
MUCH MAY BE DONE BY EVERY ONE—
THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.
COME, FRIENDS, &c.

- 3 Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast ;
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others should
Act always unto you ;
MUCH MAY BE DONE BY EVERY ONE—
THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.
COME, FRIENDS, &c.

58 "Give," said the little stream.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 "GIVE," said the little stream,
 "Give, oh give ; give, oh give ;"
 "Give," said the little stream,
 As it hurried down the hill.
 "I am small, I know, yet where I go,"
 Give, oh give ; give, oh give ;
 "I am small, I know, but where I go,
 The fields grow greener still."
 Singing, singing all the day,
 Give away, oh give away.
 Singing, singing all the day,
 Give, oh give away.

2 "Give," said the gentle rain,
 "Give, oh give ; give, oh give ;"
 "Give," said the gentle rain,

As it fell among the flowers.
 "I will raise the drooping heads again,"
 Give, oh give ; give, oh give ;
 "I will raise the drooping heads again,
 And freshen Summer bowers."
Singing, singing, &c.

3 "Give," said the violet sweet,
 "Give, oh give ; give, oh give ;"
 "Give," said the violet sweet,
 In its gentle Spring-like voice ;
 "And from cot and hall, O hear my call,"
 Give, oh give ; give, oh give.
 "And from cot and hall, O hear my call,
 Come, find me and rejoice."
SINGING, SINGING, &c.

59

If I were a sunbeam.

Words by LUCY LARCEM. Music by G. F. ROOT.



1 IF I were a sunbeam,
 I know what I would do ;
 I'd seek the whitest lilies
 The rainy woodlands through :
 Stealing in among them,
 The softest light I'd shed,
 Until each graceful lily
 RAISED ITS DROOPING HEAD.

2 If I were a sunbeam,
 I know where I would go ;
Into the lowliest hovels,
All dark with want and woe ;

Till sad hearts look upward,
 I there would shine and shine !
 Then they would think of heaven,
 Their sweet home and mine.

3 Art thou not a sunbeam,
 O child, whose life is glad,
 With still an inner radiance
 That sunshine never had ?
 AS THE LORD HATH BLESSED THEE,
 O SCATTER RAYS DIVINE !
 FOR THERE CAN BE NO SUNBEAM,
 BUT MUST DIE, OR SHINE !

60 Kind words can never die.

Words and Music by ABBY HUTCHINSON. (From "Select Music for the Young," by permission of the Sunday School Union.)



1 **K**IND words can never die ;
 Cherished and blest,
 God knows how deep they lie
 Stored in the breast ;
 Like childhood's simple rhymes
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 And in all years and climes,
 Distant and near.
 Kind words can never die ;
 NEVER DIE, never die ;
 Kind words can never die,
 No, NEVER DIE.

2 *Sweet thoughts can never die ;
 Though, like the flowers,
 Their brightest hues may fly
 In wintry hours ;
 But when the gentle dew
 Gives them their charms anew,*

With many an added hue
 THEY BLOOM AGAIN.
 Sweet thoughts can never die ;
 NEVER DIE, never die ;
 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 No, NEVER DIE.

3 Our souls can never die ;
*Though in the tomb
 Our mortal bodies lie,
 Wrapped in its gloom.
 E'en though the flesh decay,
 Souls pass in peace away,
 LIVE THROUGH ETERNAL DAY
 WITH GOD ABOVE.*
 Our souls can never die ;
 NEVER DIE, never die ;
 Our souls can never die,
 No, NEVER DIE.

61 Never forget the dear ones.

Music by G. F. Root.

Never forget,

never forget, Ne-ver forget the dear ones That clus-ter round thy home.

1 NEVER forget the dear ones
 Around the social hearth;
 The sunny smiles of gladness,
 The songs of artless mirth;
 Though other scenes may woo thee
 In distant lands to roam,
 NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES
 THAT CLUSTER ROUND THY HOME.

2 Ever their hearts are turning
 To thee when far away,
*Their love, so pure and tender,
 Is with thee on thy way;*

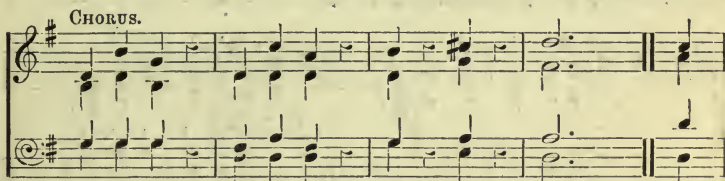
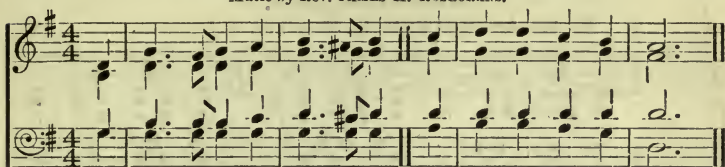
Wherever thou may'st wander,
 Wherever thou may'st roam.
 NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES
 THAT CLUSTER ROUND THY HOME.

3 Never forget thy father,
 Who cheerful toils for thee;
 Within thy heart may ever
 Thy mother's image be;
 Thy sister dear, and brother,
 They long for thee to come;
 NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES
 THAT CLUSTER ROUND THY HOME.

62

Don't step there.

Music by Rev. JAMES H. ROSEGRANS.



- 1 AS on the path of life we tread,
We come to many a place
Where, if not careful, we may fall
And sink into disgrace.
Don't step there,
Don't step there,
Don't step there,
For if not careful we may fall,
DON'T STEP THERE.
- 2 Some idle habit, word, or thought,
Some sin, however small,
May make us stumble on the way,
And, stumbling, we may fall.
Don't step there, &c.
- 3 Our fellow-travellers on the road
We'll watch with anxious care,

And when they reach some dangerous
spot
We'll warn them : "Don't step there."
Don't step there, &c.

- 4 The drinker's path is one beset
With many a hidden snare,
*And thousands in its pitfalls deep
Have perished in despair.*
Don't step there, &c.
- 5 TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL WE CALL,
IN ACCENTS CLEAR AND STRONG—
"OH SHUN THE DRINK-SHOP'S FATAL
SPELL,
AND PASS THE WORD ALONG—
DON'T STEP THERE." &c.

63

March along together.

[KEEP TO THE RIGHT.]

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 MARCH along together,
 Ever firm and true,
 Many eyes are watching,
 Taking count of you.
 Pleasant winds or foul ones,
 Cloudy days or bright,
 Keep to the right, boys,
 Keep to the right,
 KEEP TO THE RIGHT, B. YS,
 KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

2 Raise on high your banner,
 That its folds may fly
 Like the wings of eagle
 Sweeping to the sky.
 If you wish to conquer
 Every foe you fight,

Keep to the right, boys,
 Keep to the right, &c.

3 Of your heavenly Father
 Strength and courage seek,
 Swords are to no purpose
 If the heart be weak,
 Every arm endowing
 With a warrior's might;
 Keep to the right, &c.

4 Love should be your motto,
 Duty be your aim;
 Ever overcoming,
 Till a crown you claim.
 For a fame undying,
 Strive with all your might;
 Keep to the right, &c.

64 There are lonely hearts to cherish.

[WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.]

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Air from H. MILLARD; Arranged by W. H. BONNER.





- 1 **T**HERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
 While the days are going by,
 There are weary souls who perish,
 While the days are going by ;
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh ! the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by,
 While the days are going by,
 While the days are going by,
 ALL MAY FIND A FIELD OF TOIL,
 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

- 2 There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by,
 Let your face be bright as morning,

While the days are going by ;
 Oh ! the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
 Help your fallen brothers rise,
 While the days are going by.
 While the days, &c.

- 3 **A**ll the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by,
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by ;
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 AND WILL KEEP OUR HEARTS AGLOW,
 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.
 While the days, &c.

65 There is beauty all around.

[LOVE AT HOME.]

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.



1 THERE is beauty all around,
 When there's love at home ;
 There is joy in every sound
 When there's love at home ;
 Peace and plenty here abide,
 Smiling sweet on every side,
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
 When there's love at home.
Love at home, love at home ;
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
 When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home ;
 Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home ;
 Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
 All the earth's a garden sweet,

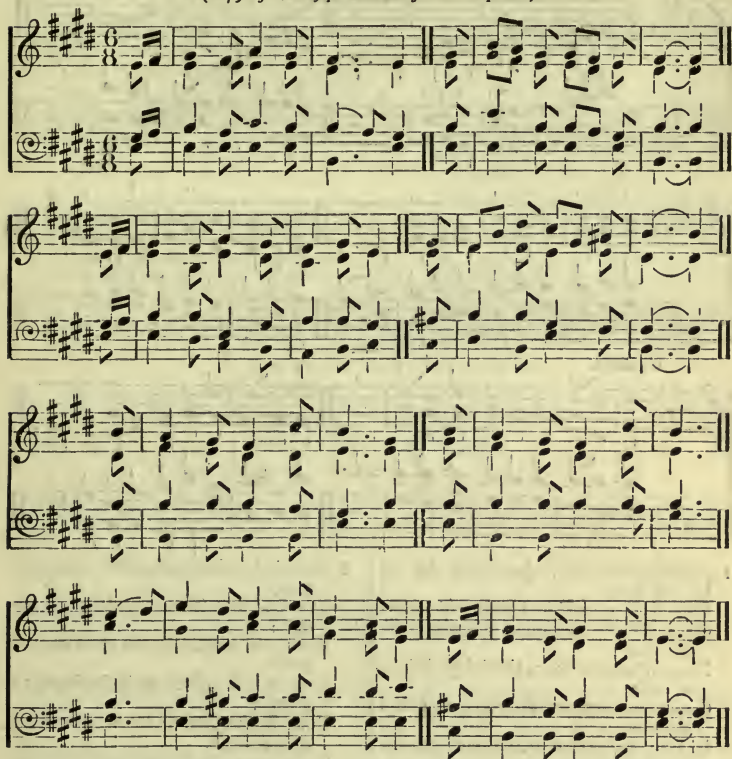
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.
 Love at home, *love at home ;*
 Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly Heaven smiles above
 When there's love at home ;
 All the earth is filled with love,
 When there's love at home ;
 SWEETER SINGS THE BROOKLET BY,
 BRIGHTER BEAMS THE AZURE SKY,
 OH, THERE'S ONE WHO SMILES ON HIGH,
 WHEN THERE'S LOVE AT HOME.
 Love at home, *Love at home ;*
 OH, THERE'S ONE WHO SMILES ON HIGH,
 WHEN THERE'S LOVE AT HOME.

66 Suppose the little Cowslip.

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. Music by OALEB SIMPER, Barnstable.

(Copyright. By permission of the Composer.)



1 **S**UPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flow'r,
I'd better not grow up";
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
*How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!*

2 Suppose the glist'ning dewdrop
Upon the grass should say
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away";
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

3 Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day, [cool
Should think themselves too small to
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

4 How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child can do
For others by its love.

67 Cheerfully doing our best.

Words by M. G. LELAND. Music by THEODOR L. OLEMENS. (By permission.)

D.C.



CHORUS.



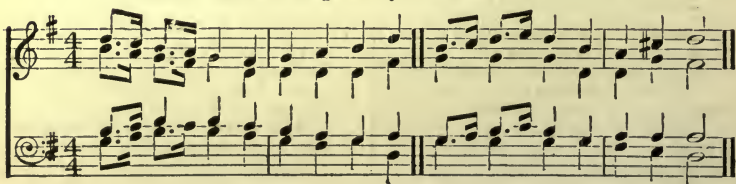
1 **CHEERFULLY**, cheerfully, let us
all live,
Slow to be angered, and quick to forgive;
Cheer for the mourning and smiles for
the glad;
Brave hearts for ever, thro' days bright
or sad;
GOD HELPS THE HAND THAT IS DOING
ITS BEST;
BLESSES THE TRUE HEART THAT STANDS
EV'RY TEST.
SINGING AND HOPING, AT WORK OR
AT REST,
CHEERFULLY, CHEERFULLY, DOING
OUR BEST!

2 Cheerfully, cheerfully, work while you
may,
The field is before us, and long is the
day;
We'll sow around us the good seed of
truth,
Soon it will spring up in freshness of
youth;
THEN SHALL THE HARVEST BE GOLDEN
AND BRIGHT,
GATH'RING OUR SHEAVES UNDER
HEAVEN'S OWN LIGHT.
SINGING AND HOPING, &c.

68

Little workers.

Tune "Kingston," by D. E. FORD.





- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WE are only little workers,
Yet we fain would do Thy will :
So we pray Thee, Lord, to help us
Lowly duties to fulfil.</p> <p>2 Little souls perchance may brighten
<i>Lives that sorrow, care, and sin</i>
<i>Darken, till hope's blessed sunshine</i>
<i>Scarcely ever enters in.</i></p> | <p>3 We would often bring them comfort,
But we know not what to say :
SOME SWEET MESSAGE FRESH FROM
HEAVEN
LAY UPON OUR LIPS TO-DAY.</p> <p>4 Help us, then, to say to others,
Who have never learnt to know—
"God is list'ning still to answer
Those who watch and wait below."</p> <p>5 Grant that we, Thy willing workers,
By Thy grace may find at length,
Even children in their weakness
May help others in Thy strength.</p> |
|--|---|

69

Little things.

Words by E. C. BREWER. Tune "Näggell."



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.</p> <p>2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.</p> | <p>3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.</p> <p>4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.</p> <p>5 Little seeds of goodness,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
In far distant lands.</p> |
|--|--|

70

God will help you.

Words by M. S. HAYCRAFT. Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN.



1 GOD will help you to be true,
 G Help you all things right to do ;
 Hour by hour, and day by day,
 Help you in the narrow way !
 Do the right, and fear no ill !
 Mighty is your Leader still ;
 ||: Trust in Him, resist the wrong,
 God will keep you brave and strong. :||

2 All through life His succour seek,
 Trust not self, for self is weak !
 Wrong is mighty, and its power
 Fronts you every passing hour.

From the conflict never shrink,
 In the fight you shall not sink,
 ||: What though snares around you lie,
 Put your trust in God on high. :||

3 What though Drink may spread its
 Powers of evil shall be vain ; [chain,
 Trusting in the grace of Heaven,
 To your heart shall strength be given.
 Fearless be and faithful go,
 Strong in prayer, withstand the foe ;
 ||: Free abide through all your life,
 You will surely win the strife. :||

71 **NO** is a very little word.

Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Quickly.

1 **NO** is a very little word,
 In one short breath we say it,
 Sometimes 'tis wrong, but often right,
 So let me justly weigh it.
 No, I must say when urged to smoke,
 Or with profane ones ramble;
 No, when strong drink is on me pressed,
 No, when enticed to gamble.

2 No, though I'm tempted sore to lie,
 Or steal, and then conceal it,
 And no, to sin when darkness hides,
 And I alone should feel it.

Whenever sinners would entice
 My feet from paths of duty;
 No, I'll UNHESITATING CRY—
 No, NOT FOR PRICE OR BOOTY.

3 God watches how this little word
 By everyone is spoken,
 And knows those children as His own
 By this one simple token.
 Who promptly utters No to wrong,
 Says YES to right, as surely—
 THAT CHILD HAS ENTERED WISDOM'S
 WAYS,
 AND TREADS HER PATH SECURELY.

72 Courage, brother, do not stumble.

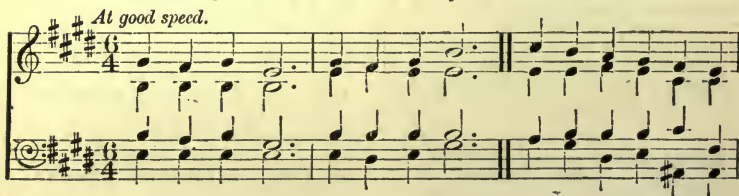
[DO THE RIGHT.]

Words by NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D. Tune "Slingsby," by E. S. CARTER. (*By permission.*)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 COURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,
 Tho' thy path be dark as night ;
 There's a star to guide the humble :—
 "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."</p> <p>2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,
 "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."</p> <p>[3 Perish policy and cunning,
 Perish all that fears the light !
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."]</p> | <p>4 Flee from tempting forms of passion,—
 Foes may look like angels bright ;
 Bow not with the slaves of fashion :
 "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."</p> <p>5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;
 Cease from man, and look above thee,
 "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."</p> <p>[6 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace, and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,—
 "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."]</p> |
|---|--|

73 Dare to do right.

Words by Rev. G. L. TAYLOR. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



74

If any little word.

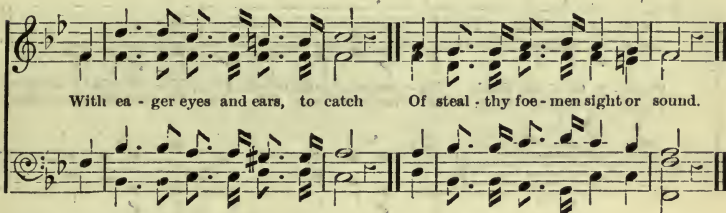
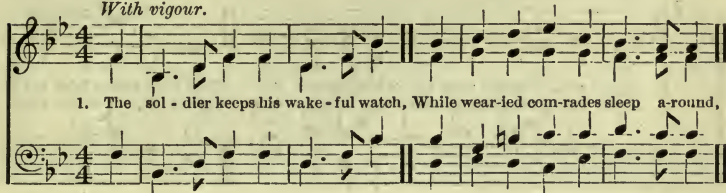
Air "The Vicar of Bray," harmonized by ROSA BONNER.

D. C.

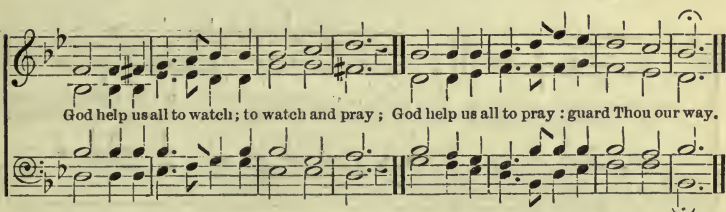
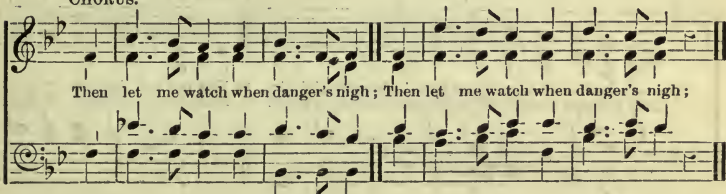
- 1 IF any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter ;
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing,
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.
- 2 If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter ;
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter ;
 If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 GOD GIVE ME LOVE, AND CARE, AND STRENGTH,
 TO HELP MY TOILING BROTHER.

75

Watching.

Words by Sir N. BARNABY. (*By permission.*) Air "The Watch on the Rhine," by CARL WILHELM*With vigour.*

CHORUS.



2 As faithful soldiers let us watch
For sin, our strong and bitter foe,
Lest he an easy vic'try snatch,
Break thro' our guard, and lay us low.
Then let me watch, &c.

3 The sailor keeps his wakeful watch
When billows rise and tempests roar,
With straining eyes the light to catch,
Which warns him from the dang'rous
shore.
Then let me watch, &c.

4 In roaring winds and raging seas,
By stormy day and dreary night,
Supported by Thy promises,
I'll watch and work with all my might.
Then let me watch, &c.

5 So, like the sailor, we are borne,
Through storm and calm, across the
sea;
God fills our sails and drives us on,
To land us in eternity.
Then let me watch, &c.

76 Fight for the right, boys.

Words by F. A. JACKSON. Music by CAREY BONNER. (By permission.)

With much spirit.

1. Fight for the Right, boys, That's the thing to do; Fight with your might, boys,
4. Fight for the Right, boys, That's the thing to do; Fight with your might, boys,

Pluck - y thro' and thro'. Ne - ver mind your moods, boys, Ne - ver mind your skin,
Pluck - y thro' and thro'. Ne - ver mind your fail - ure, Ne - ver mind your fear,

VERSES 2 & 3.
Square your shoulders, set your jaw, And march right in, 2. You can all be gen-tle-men,
Play the man to-day, my lads, And cheer, boys, cheer. 3. Don't be dreaming all the day,

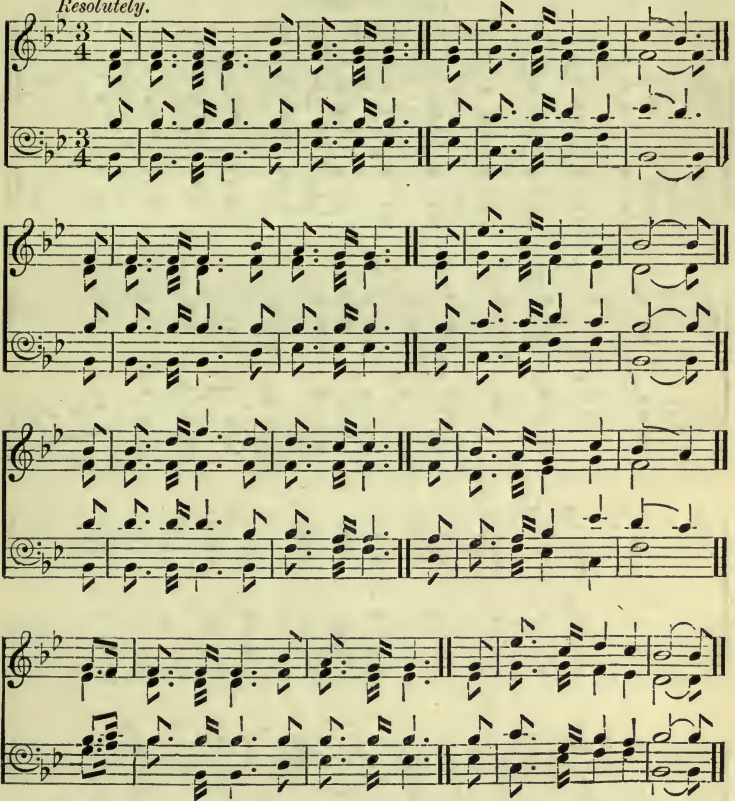
Courteous, kind, and true; You can have the strength of ten If the right you'll do.
Do the thing that's there; Brace your spi - rit for the fray, Gal - lant be and fair.

D. C. v. 4.
Never mind your feelings much, Never mind the past, Do the thing that's square to-day, First and last.
Ne-ver mind a knock or two, Never mind a throw, Get upon your feet a-gain And forward go.

77 Our fathers were high-minded men.

Words by Rev. H. M. GUNN. Norwegian Air.

Resolutely.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 OUR fathers were high-minded men,
 Who firmly kept the faith,
 To freedom and to conscience true,
 In danger and in death.
 Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
 For noble men were they,
 Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
 And bravely won the day.</p> | <p>2 For all they suffered, little cared
 Those earnest men and wise;
 Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth
 Made them the shame despise.
 GREAT NAMES HAD THEY, BUT GREATER
 TRUE HEROES OF THEIR AGE, [SOULS,
 THAT LIKE A ROCK IN STORMY SEAS,
 DEFIED OPPOSING RAGE.</p> |
|--|--|

- 3 And such as our forefathers were,
 May we their children be!
 And in our hearts their spirit live,
 That baffled tyranny.
 Then we'll uphold the cause of right;
 The cause of mercy too:
 TO TOIL OR SUFFER FOR THE TRUTH
 IS THE NOBLEST THING TO DO.

78. Standing by a purpose true.

[DANIEL'S BAND.]

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

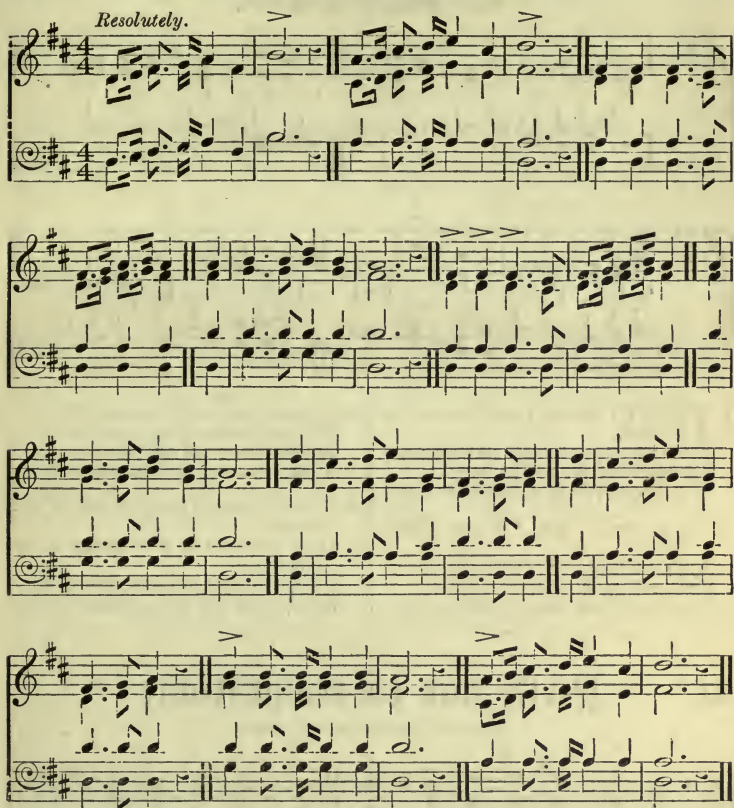


1 **S**TANDING by a purpose true,
 Heeding God's command,
 Honour them, the faithful few,
 All hail to Daniel's band.
 DARE TO BE A DANIEL,
 DARE TO STAND ALONE,
 DARE TO HAVE A PURPOSE FIRM,
 DARE TO MAKE IT KNOWN.

2 *Many mighty men are lost,
 Daring not to stand,
 Who for God had been a host
 By joining Daniel's band!*
 DARE TO BE, &c.

3 *Many giants, great and tall,
 Stalking through the land,
 Headlong to the earth would fall,
 If met by Daniel's band.*
 DARE TO BE, &c.

79 Who is a brave man?



1 WHO IS A BRAVE MAN, WHO?
 WHO IS A BRAVE MAN, WHO?
 He who dares defend the right
 When right is mis-called wrong;
 He who shrinks not from the fight
 When weak contend with strong;
 Who, fearing God, fears none beside,
 And dares do right whate'er betide:
 THIS MAN HATH COURAGE TRUE.
 THIS MAN HATH COURAGE TRUE.

2 WHO IS A FREE MAN, WHO?
 WHO IS A FREE MAN, WHO?
 He who finds his chief delight
 In keeping God's commands;
 He who loves whate'er is right,

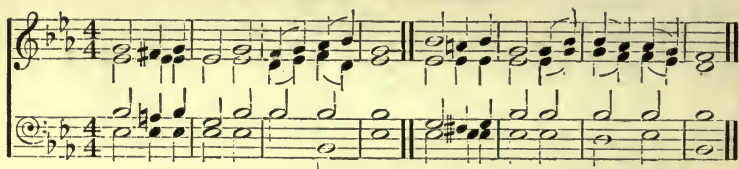
And hath to sin no bands,
 From every law but one set free,
 The perfect law of liberty:
 THIS MAN HATH FREEDOM TRUE.
 THIS MAN HATH FREEDOM TRUE.

3 WHO IS A NOBLE MAN?
 WHO IS A NOBLE MAN?
 He who scorns all words or deeds
 That are not just and true;
 He whose heart for suffering bleeds,
 Is quick to feel and do;
 Whose noble soul will ne'er descend
 To treacherous act towards foe or friend:
 THIS IS A NOBLE MAN.
 THIS IS A NOBLE MAN.

80

Working for God.

Tune "Holley," by GEORGE HEWS.



1 **T**HOUGH chilling years have o'er us
rolled,
Warm at our hearts this faith we hold ;
Whate'er may die and be forgot,
WORK DONE FOR GOD, IT DIETH NOT.

2 Though scoffers ask, "Where is your
gain ?"
And mocking say, "Your toil is vain !"
Such scoffers die and are forgot--
WORK DONE FOR GOD, IT DIETH NOT.

3 Press on, true men can never fail,
Whoe'er oppose, they must prevail ;
Opponents die and are forgot--
WORK DONE FOR GOD, IT DIETH NOT.

4 **P**RESS ON, RIGHT ON, NOR DOUBT NOR
FEAR :
FROM AGE TO AGE THIS FAITH SHALL
CHEER,—
WHATE'ER MAY DIE AND BE FORGOT,
WORK DONE FOR GOD, IT DIETH NOT.

81

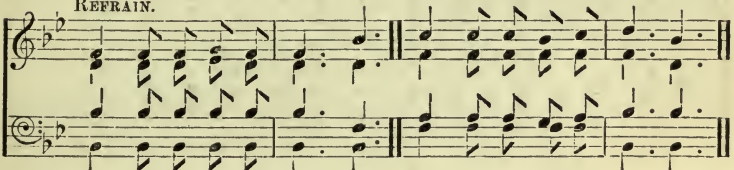
Yield not to temptation.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.





REFRAIN.



- 1 **YIELD** not to temptation,
 For yielding is sin ;
 Each victory will help us
 Some other to win.
 Fight manfully onward,
 Dark passions subdue,
LOOK EVER TO JESUS,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.
 Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
 He is willing to aid you,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.
- 2 Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in reverence,
 Nor take it in vain ;
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true,

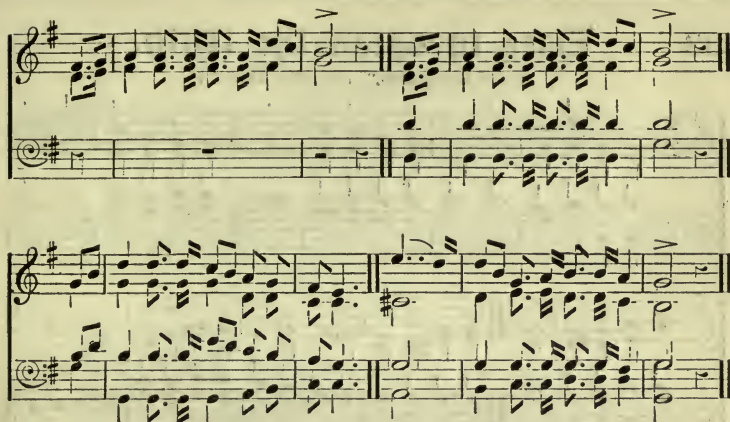
- LOOK EVER TO JESUS,**
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.
 Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
 He is willing to aid you,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.
- 3 To him that o'ercometh
 God giveth a crown,
 Through faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down.
 He, who is the Saviour,
 Our strength will renew ;
LOOK EVER TO JESUS,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.
 Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
 He is willing to aid you,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.

82

You're starting to-day.

Old English Air.

*(May be sung as Solo and Chorus.)**Boldly.*



1 **Y**OU'RE starting to-day on life's journey,
 Along on the highway of life,
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
 Each city with evil is rife.
 This world is a stage of excitement,
 There's danger wherever you go ;
 But if you are tempted in weakness,
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO."
Have courage, my boy, to say "NO !"
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO !"
 If you would be noble and manly,
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO !"

2 The bright ruby wine may be offered ;
 No matter how tempting it be,
FROM POISON THAT STINGS LIKE AN ADDER,
MY BOY, HAVE THE COURAGE TO FLEE.
 The gambling halls are before you,
 Their lights, how they dance to and fro !
 If you should be tempted to enter,
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO."
 Have courage, &c.

3 In courage alone lies your safety,
 When you the long journey begin ;
 And trust in a heavenly Father,
 Will keep you unspotted from sin.
 Temptations will go on increasing,
 As streams from a rivulet flow,
 But if you are true to your manhood,
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO."
 Have courage, &c.

83

Dare to speak the truth.

Tune "Armageddon." (Or to Nos. 14 or 17.)

**1 DARE to speak the truth, boys !**

Dare to do the right !
 Never mind the jeers, boys !
 Keep your conscience bright.
 Courage, gentle maidens ;
 Strong in truth and grace,
 You shall be victorious,
 You shall see His face.
 Children of your Father,
 Be ashamed of wrong,
 Boldly stand with Jesus,
 In His strength be strong.

2 Speak a gentle word, boys !

Let your daily life
 Tell of peace and love, boys !
 In a world of strife.
 Boys and maidens, never
 Fear to own the Lord !

Treasure up His thoughts, boys !

Every loving word.
 Children of your Father,
 Off'ring good for ill,
 Moulding every action
 To His mind and will.

3 At your daily task, boys !

Act as in His sight ;
 Honest in each deed, boys !
 Never fear the light.
 Boys and maidens, never,
 Never be cast down ;
 Yours the song of triumph,
 Yours the victor's crown.
 Children of your Father,
 You shall come at last
 To His golden city,
 All life's battle past.

84

Catch the sunshine.

Music by G. F. ROOT.



1 **C**ATCH the sunshine ! tho' it flickers
 Thro' a dark and dismal cloud,
Tho' it falls so faint and feeble
On a heart with sorrow bow'd ;
 Catch it quickly ! it is passing,
 Passing rapidly away ;
 It has only come to tell you
 There is yet a brighter day.

2 Catch the sunshine ! tho' life's tempest
 May unfurl its chilling blast,
 Catch the little hopeful straggler ;
 Storms will not for ever last.
 Don't give up, and say " Forsaken !"
 Don't begin to say " I'm sad !"
 Look ! there comes a gleam of sunshine !
 CATCH IT ; OH, IT SEEMS SO GLAD !

3 Catch the sunshine ! don't be grieving
 O'er that darksome billow there ;
 Life's a sea of stormy billows--
 We must meet them everywhere.
 Pass right through them ; do not tarry--
 Overcome the heaving tide ; [SHINE
 THERE'S A SPARKLING GLEAM OF SUN-
 WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE.

4 Catch the sunshine ! catch it gladly !
 Messenger in Hope's employ,
 Sent thro' clouds, thro' storms and billows,
 Bringing you a cup of joy.
 Don't be sighing, don't be weeping ;
 Life, you know, is but a span ;
 There's no time to sigh, nor sorrow,
 CATCH THE SUNSHINE WHILE YOU CAN.

IV.—TEMPERANCE HYMNS AND SONGS.

85 A brighter day will soon be here.

Words by THOMAS JARRATT. (From "Jarratt's Band of Hope Songster.")

Music by W. H. BONNER.

(By permission.)

Vigorously.

1. A bright-er day will soon be here, HUR - RAH! . . . HUR -

- RAH! . . . Al - rea - dy ma - ny signs ap - pear, HUR -

- RAH! . . . HUR - RAH! . . . The boys and girls through-

- out the land Are join - ing in a Temperance band;

Musical score for the hymn. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the hymn. The second system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment for the second line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

AND THE DAY WILL COME WHEN BRI-TAIN SHALL BE
FREE! HUR-RAH! HUR-RAH! HUR-RAH! . . .

Boys.

2 Oh, listen to the joyful song,
* HURRAH! HURRAH!
Let every one the notes prolong,
* HURRAH! HURRAH!
Till rocks and hills send back the strain,
In echoes o'er the verdant plain;
AND THE DAY WILL COME
WHEN BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE!
* HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

Girls.

3 What happy homes and firesides bright—
* HURRAH! HURRAH!
Will glisten in the glorious light,
* HURRAH! HURRAH!
For peace and love again will reign,
And all the land will smile again;
AND THE DAY WILL COME
WHEN BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE!
* HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

4 THEN ONWARD MARCH, AND NEVER TIRE—
HURRAH! HURRAH!
LET COURAGE EVERY HEART INSPIRE—
HURRAH! HURRAH!
When little ones the danger shun,
The noble work will soon be done,
AND THE DAY WILL COME
WHEN BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE!
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

* Full Choir.

86 God bless the girls and boys.

Words by JUDSON BONNER. Music by ROSA BONNER. (May be sung to Nos. 18 or 203.)



1 **(O)** THOU who art the children's Friend,
Before Thy throne we humbly bow ;
Thy love to us can never end,
Incline our hearts to love Thee now.
Grant unto us Thy smile to win ;
Guide Thon our steps, and guard from
sin.

(Boys only.)

2 God bless the girls ! by grace divine
Endow their hearts with beauty
rare ;
Let love in every action shine ;
In happy service may they share.
Protect their lives from Drink's dark
blight ;
God bless the girls ! give them Thy light !

(Girls only.)

3 God bless the boys ! oh, make them
brave !
Teach them to shun each evil way ;
Let not Strong Drink their powers
enslave,
But may they strive this foe to slay,
Ne'er standing back at duty's call :
God bless the boys ! oh, save them all !

(All.)

4 United thus in one strong band,
With hope and love we onward press,
Resolved from Drink to free our land ;
Smile on our cause ; our efforts bless.
So may we gain life's truest joys :
God bless the girls ! God bless the boys !

87 Come, take a glass of wine.

Words by THOMAS JARRATT. (From "Jarratt's Band of Hope Songster." By permission.)
(May be sung as Solo and Chorus.)

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the soprano part, with the other parts providing harmonic support. The second system continues the melody and harmony. The third system features a more active bass line. The fourth system is marked 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'ff' (fortissimo), indicating a build-up in volume and intensity. The score ends with a double bar line.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 COME, take a glass of wine with me,
 No, no, no!
 'Twill make your heart beat joyously,
 No, no, no!
 If you are hot, it cools the blood,
 And if you're cold, it's just as good.
 SUCH NONSENSE CAN'T BE UNDERSTOOD,
 So we answer No!</p> | <p>2 Just take a glass to make you sleep,
 No, no, no!
 And if awake you want to keep,
 No, no, no!
 Then drink when hunger gives you pain,
 And when you're feasting drink again.
 FLAT CONTRADICTION, 'TIS QUITE PLAIN,
 So we answer No!</p> |
|--|---|
- 3 If you are sick just take a drop,
 No, no, no!
 And if you're well you need not stop,
 No, no, no!
 Then take a glass at work each day,
 And when you want a holiday.
 SUCH NONSENSE MUST BE DRIV'N AWAY,
 So we answer No!

88 Just in the dawn of youth.

Words by Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. Tune "Roscommon."

Quickly, with spirit.



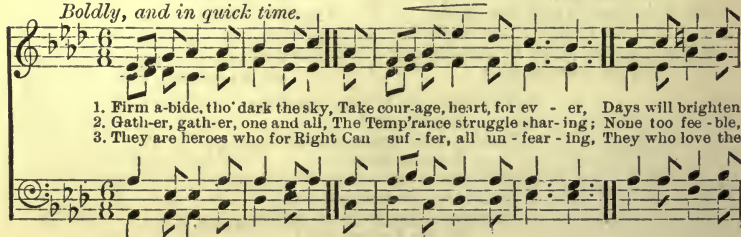
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JUST in the dawn of youth we stand,
The hope and promise of our land;
From custom's yoke we turn away,
With firm resolve to win the day.</p> | <p>3 <i>When Drink's poor victim we may meet,</i>
<i>We will not scorn, but kindly greet ;</i>
<i>In loving accents we will say,</i>
<i>"O come with us and win the day."</i></p> |
| <p>2 We'll teach the young all drink to shun,
By little is all sin begun ;
We'll urge them to abstain alway,
If e'er they hope to win the day.</p> | <p>4 We thus will try a world to move,
By song, entreaty, prayer, and love ;
And come what will to bar the way,
WITH GOD'S GOOD HELP WE'LL WIN
THE DAY.</p> |

89

Firm abide.

Words by M. S. HAYCRAFT. Music by ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

Boldly, and in quick time.



1. Firm a-bide, tho' dark the sky, Take cour-age, heart, for ev - er, Days will brighten
2. Gath-er, gath-er, one and all, The Temp'rance struggle shar-ing; None too fee-ble,
3. They are heroes who for Right Can suf-fer, all un-fear-ing, They who love the

ff *f*

by - and-by, Hope on, and fal - ter nev - er. Great and might-y
 none too small A bless - ing to be bear - ing. Let your own ex-
 Truth and Light, The tri - umph-hour are near - ing. Though a - round on

cres.

is the foe Thy truth, thy strength as sail - ing; Still un-daunt - ed,
 am - p'le show The road of Right and Du - ty, Let your Temprance
 ev - ry hand Temp - ta - tion be al - lur - ing, IN THE HE - ROES'

ff

on - ward go, With pur - pose nev - er fail - - ing.
 col - ours glow, And lit our flag of beau - - ty.
 AR - MY STAND, STILL FAITH - FUL - LY EN - DUR - ING.

f REFRAIN.

Firm a - bide, tho' dark the sky, Take cour - age, heart, for ev - er!

Days will bright-en by - and-by, *ff*

Firm a - bide, Hope on, and fal - ter nev - er!

Days will bright-en by - and-by,

90 A glorious day is dawning.

Tune "Fairford," by Schubert.



1 A GLORIOUS day is dawning
 Upon our sinful earth ;
 We hail the happy morning
 With shouts of joy and mirth.
 The Temperance cause in triumph
 Is marching through the land,
 THE MEN ARE TRUE THAT LEAD IT,
 A FIRM AND DAUNTLESS BAND.

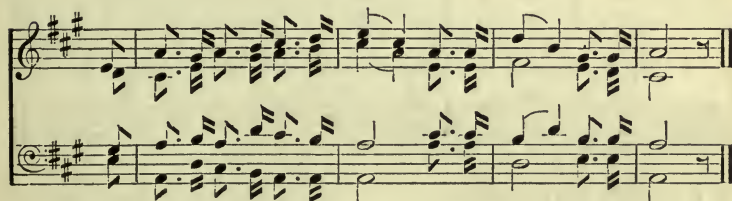
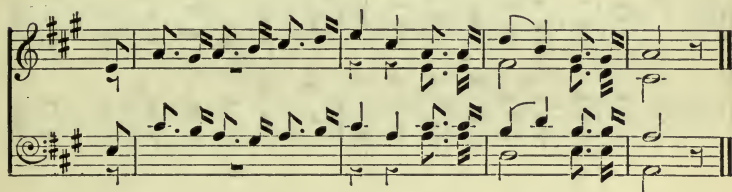
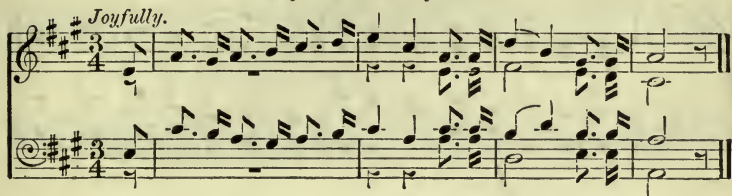
2 We meet to-day in gladness,
 With faith and courage strong ;
 No note of painful sadness
 Is mingled with our song.

The Temperance flag is waving
 O'er valley, hill, and plain ;
 Where ocean's sons are braving
 The dangers of the main.

3 Our holy cause is gaining
 New laurels every day ;
 The youthful minds we're training
 To walk in virtue's way.
 Old age and sturdy manhood
 Are with us heart and hand ;
 THEN LET US ALL UNITED
 IN ONE FIRM ARMY STAND.

91 A glorious light has burst around us.

Words by B. WALKER. Tyrolese Air.



1 A GLORIOUS light has burst around us,
 Joyful day, joyful day !
 We see the chain that would have bound us,
 Joyful day, joyful day !
 The sparkling wine we ne'er will crave ;
 To touch, to taste, is to enslave ;
 We drink the fountain's crystal wave ;
 Joyful day, joyful day !

2 The young and old come forth to hear us,
 Joyful day, joyful day !
 And isles across the ocean cheer us,
 Joyful day, joyful day !
 WE'LL SPREAD THE TRUTH WHERE MAN
 IS FOUND,
 BEAR IT TO EARTH'S REMOTEST BOUND,
 TILL EVERY WIND SHALL CATCH THE
 SOUND,
 JOYFUL DAY, JOYFUL DAY !

92 A song, a song for water bright.

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

Sprightly.



1 **A** SONG, a song for water bright,
In love and beauty flowing !
It sings its way in joy and might,
The gift of heaven bestowing.
A song, a song for water fair ;
As pure and free as mountain air.

2 There's balm in every sparkling drop,
In every wave there's pleasure ;
In diamond spray it leaps away,
A lovely boon and treasure.
A song, &c.

3 It nerves the hand to deeds of might !
It wakes the heart to gladness !
It breathes a psalm of pure delight,
And charms us all from sadness !
A song, &c.

4 From every vale, and plain, and hill,
It speaks of nature's kindness !
O, may we heed the lesson still,
Nor shun it in our blindness !
A song, &c.

93 Bravely launch the lifeboat.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. (By permission.) Music by G. F. ROOT.



1 BRAVELY launch the Temperance lifeboat

On the stormy sea of life !
Come, ye strong and daring, man her,
Fearless in the tempest-strife.
Speed her o'er the angry billows,
Safely steer where wrecks are tossed,
Guide her firmly 'mid the breakers,
Save the sinking, ere they're lost.

Chorus.—BRAVELY LAUNCH, &c.

2 Men of every age and station,
Struggling in the foaming tide ;
If you haste not to their rescue—
If their ruin you deride,

Who will help and what can save them
From the dark engulfing wave ?

ONWARD SPEED THE TEMPERANCE
LIFEBOAT, [SAVE !

PRECIOUS SOULS FROM DEATH TO
Chorus.—BRAVELY LAUNCH, &c.

3 You are brave, and wise, and gifted.
You can row both safe and fast,
You can steer amid temptation,
Sunken rock, or stormy blast.
Kindle, too, the lighthouse beacon,
Flash its rays across the wave,
You may warn and guide the drifting—
Save the drunkard, save, oh, save !
Chorus.—BRAVELY LAUNCH, &c.

94 A song to the bubbling spring.

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

Steadily.

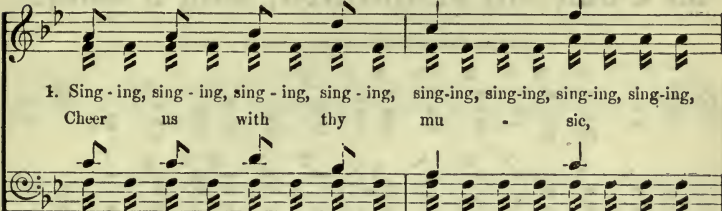
1. A song, a song to the bubbling spring So clear and bright;
 2. How sweet it is, when tired and faint With noon-tide heat,
 3. No grief or dis - cord here is found, None here is found;

Let us all its prais - es sing, Sing, sing to - night.
 Here to quaff the gush - ing wave, Cool, cool and sweet.
 Peace, and love, and joy a - bound, Joys, joys a - bound.

Spark - ling lit - tle
p Sparkling little foun-tain, Singing e-ver gai - ly, Sparkling little foun-tain,

foun - - tain, Sing - ing e - ver gai - - ly,
 Singing e - ver gai - ly, Cheer us with thymu - sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

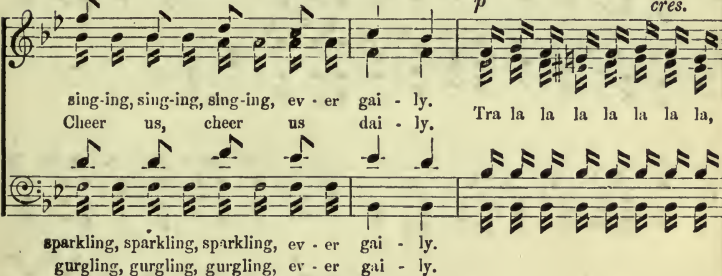
Cheer us with thy mu sic,



1. Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing,
Cheer us with thy mu sic,

2. Sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling,
3. Gurg-ling, gurg-ling, gurg-ling, gurg-ling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling,

Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.




sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, ev - er gai - ly.
Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly. Tra la la la la la la la,
sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, ev - er gai - ly.
gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, ev - er gai - ly.



la la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la

la la la la la la la, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.



95 Come, all ye children, sing a song.

Words by JABEZ TUNNICLIFFE. Old Song Tune.

Joyfully.



1 COME, all ye children, sing a song,
Join with us heart and hand;
Come, make our little party strong,
A happy Temperance band.
*We cannot sing of many things,
For we are young, we know,*
[: But we have signed the Temperance pledge
A short time ago. :]

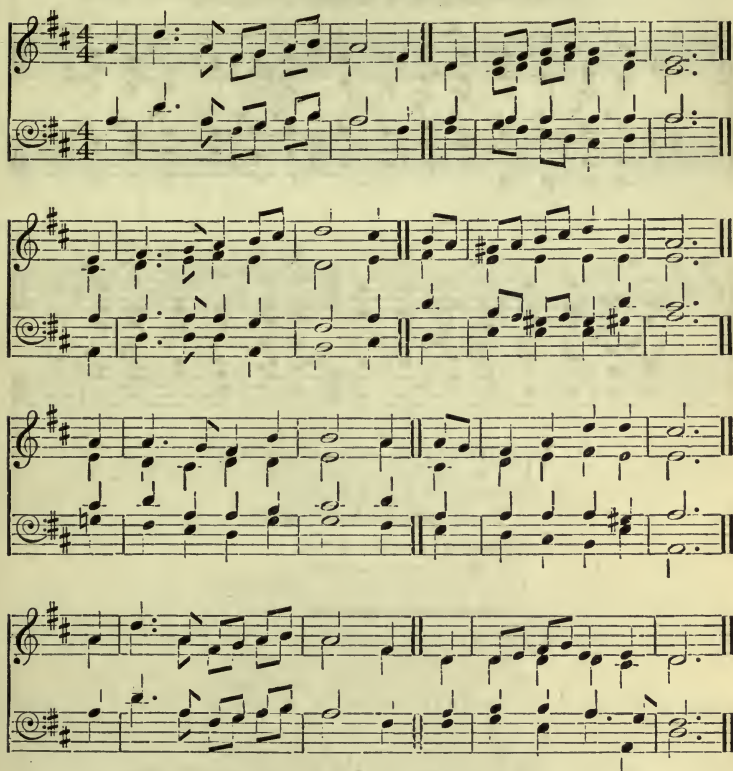
2 The "Band of Hope" shall be our name,
The Children's Friend our guide;
He'll save us from the drunkard's shame,
If we with Him abide.
Cold water cannot do us harm,
Strong drink may bring us woe.
[: SO WE HAVE SIGNED THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE
A SHORT TIME AGO. :]

3 We'll ask our fathers, too, to come,
And join our happy band;
True Temperance makes a happy home,
And makes a happy land.
Our mothers we will try to gain,
And brothers, sisters, too;
[: FOR WE HAVE SIGNED THE TEMPERANCE
A SHORT TIME AGO :] [PLEDGE

4 And thus we'll spend our happy days,
Till we get up to men:
Just like a full-grown English oak,
We'll be the firmer then.
By God's kind help we all will say
To every tempter, "No!"
[: FOR WE HAVE SIGNED THE TEMPERANCE
A LONG TIME AGO." :] [PLEDGE

96 Now raise your merry voices.

Words by WHITELY. Tune "Hosanna," by W. MCKENDRICK (*by permission*).



1 NOW raise your merry voices,
 Ye children gay and young ;
 The strain our heart rejoices,
 By thousands be it sung ;
 Your bloodless banner swelling,
 Shall sweep the fields of air,
 To each benighted dwelling
 The words of hope to bear.

2 Companions in life's morning,
 To you, to you we call,
*Oh, hear our word of warning,
 And heed it ere ye fall.*
 Oh, hesitate no longer,
 For fearful is delay,
 Temptation groweth stronger ;
 Then join our ranks to-day.

3 Yes, join ; and Heaven, befriending,
 Shall crown our work of love,
 In kind approval sending
 Its blessing from above ;
 A TIME OF JOY FORETELLING
 FOR ENGLAND'S HAPPY ISLE,
 WHEN FROM EACH COTTAGE DWELLING
 SHALL PEACE AND PLENTY SMILE.

97

Come and join us.

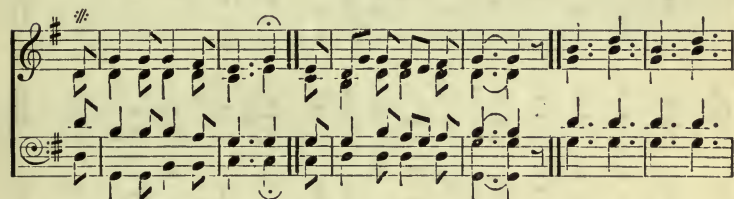
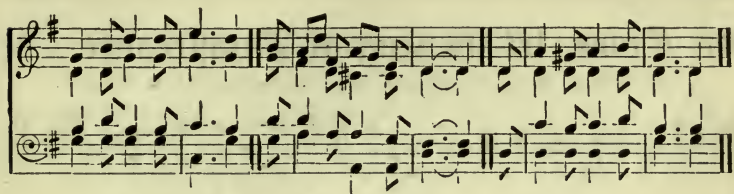
Tune "Galilee," by W. H. JUDE (by permission).



- 1 COME and join us in our pleasures,
We are seeking purest joy ;
In pursuit of richest treasures
We our moments here employ.
- 2 Guided by the voice of duty
To the poor and outcast go ;
And let manhood, youth, and beauty
Join to banish want and woe.
- 3 JOY OF DOING GOOD IS OURS,
JOY OF SAVING SOULS FROM WOE ;
JOY OF PLANTING FRUITS AND FLOW'RS
WHERE THE THORNS OF EVIL GROW.
4. COME AND JOIN US IN OUR LABOURS,
WE ARE WORKING FOR THE RIGHT ;
COME AND JOIN US, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS,
IN THE TEMP'RANCE CAUSE UNITE.

98 Come, join our choral number.

Cheerfully.



1 COME, join our choral number,
 Our merry, merry lay,
 For we are pledged to Temperance,
 And from it ne'er will stray.
 Would you be far from danger,
 And free from care and pain,
Then come and join our chorus,
Then come and join our chorus,
 THEN COME AND JOIN OUR CHORUS,
 And from strong drink abstain.
 SINGING, SINGING, gladly our word
 we've plighted,
 JOYFUL, JOYFUL, SING WE OUR
 TEMPERANCE LAY.

2 O happy, golden moments,
 We hail them with delight,

While every heart rejoices,
 And every eye is bright ;
 Our hearts with joy are beating,
 We shun the wine-cup's snare,
 ¶ So we are safe and happy, — :
 Will you our gladness share ?
 SINGING, SINGING, &c.

3 Yet, while our strains of music,
 In tuneful echoes fall,
 Oh, let us each remember
 The Lord, the source of all,
 Who crowns with joy and comfort
 Our youthful days below,
 ¶ And tells us of a country :
 Where purer blessings flow.
 SINGING, SINGING, &c.

99 Come, let us sing of Temperance.

Words by W. H. BONNER (*by permission*). Tune "St. Theodulph," by M. TESCHNER.



1 COME, LET US SING OF TEMPERANCE,
THE CHORAL NUMBERS SWELL,
EXULTANT RAISE OUR VOICES,
AND ALL HER TRIUMPHS TELL.
How many hours of sadness
Are changed to peace and joy,
How many days of pleasure,
That drink can ne'er alloy.

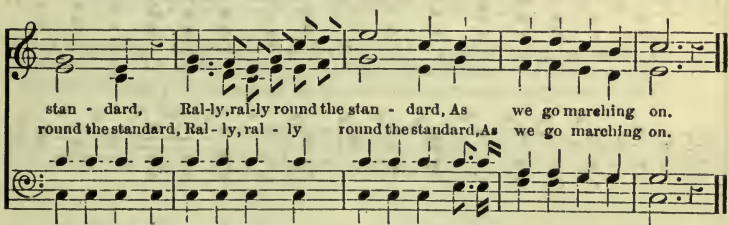
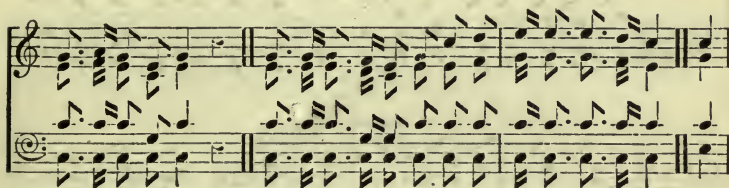
2 COME, LET US SING OF TEMPERANCE,
LOUD LET OUR VOICES RISE,
UNTIL OUR SONGS OF GLADNESS
SHALL PIERCE BEYOND THE SKIES :
And He who reigns in glory
Will hear our notes of praise,
And send a richer blessing
To crown our happy days.

3 Then let us sing of Temperance,
Till God our labours crown ;
*Until before His footstool
We lay our armour down :*
Then in a song more joyful,
Our voices we will raise,
AND PRAISE HIM FOR HIS GOODNESS,
THROUGHOUT ETERNAL DAYS.

100 Fill the ranks with soldiers.

Air,—“John Brown.”

Marching style.



1 **F**ILL the ranks with soldiers, and be
ready for the fight,
Let the world behold us with our colours
waving bright;
We're the Temperance army, and we
battle for the right,
AS WE GO MARCHING ON.
RALLY, RALLY, &c.

2 Fill the ranks with soldiers, oh, never
be afraid, [would invade;
First in every conflict where the tempter

Bringing back the sunlight o'er the ruin
he has made,
OH, WE'LL GO MARCHING ON.
RALLY, RALLY, &c.

3 Water, crystal water, from the quiet
mountain rill, [the heart can fill,
Cool and sparkling water, that with joy
Merry laughing water, let it be our
chorus still,
AS WE GO MARCHING ON.
RALLY, RALLY, &c.

101

Drink water.

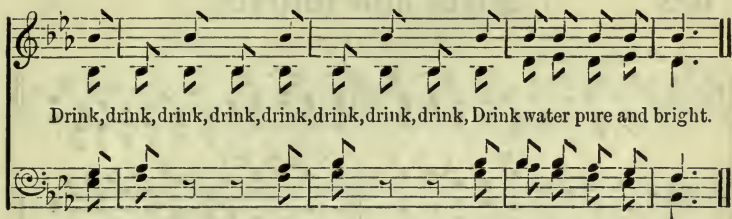
Words by W. J. HARVEY. (*By permission.*) Music by W. B. BRADBURY.
Lightly.

1. Drink wa-ter from the crys-tal spring, Its praise with cheerful voi-ces sing,
 2. Long as we live, the crys-tal spring Shall rip-ple mu-sic while we sing
 3. We hail with joy the crystal spring, We'll make the woods and meadows ring

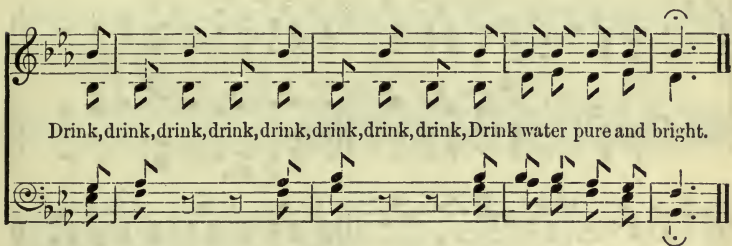
Drink wa-ter pure and bright, Drink wa-ter pure and bright;
 Of wa-ter pure and bright, Of wa-ter pure and bright;
 In praise of wa-ter bright, In praise of wa-ter bright.

The sparkling wine-cup ev-er spurn, And from its base al-lurements turn,
 It cools the brow, and clears the sight, It helps us all to do the right;
 With drinking cus-toms war we'll wage With hand and voice, in youth and age.

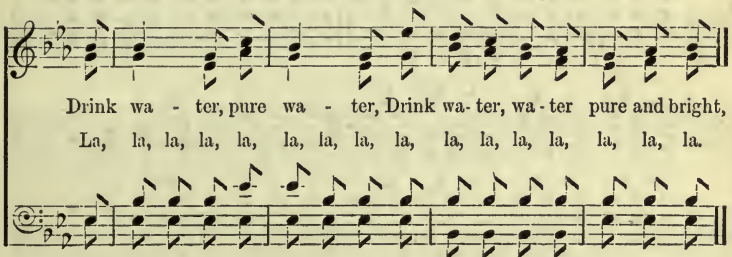
Drink wa-ter, pure wa-ter, Drink wa-ter, pure wa-ter,
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



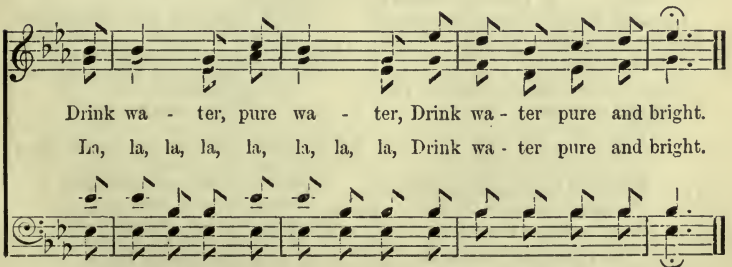
Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink water pure and bright.



Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink water pure and bright.



Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink wa - ter, wa - ter pure and bright,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

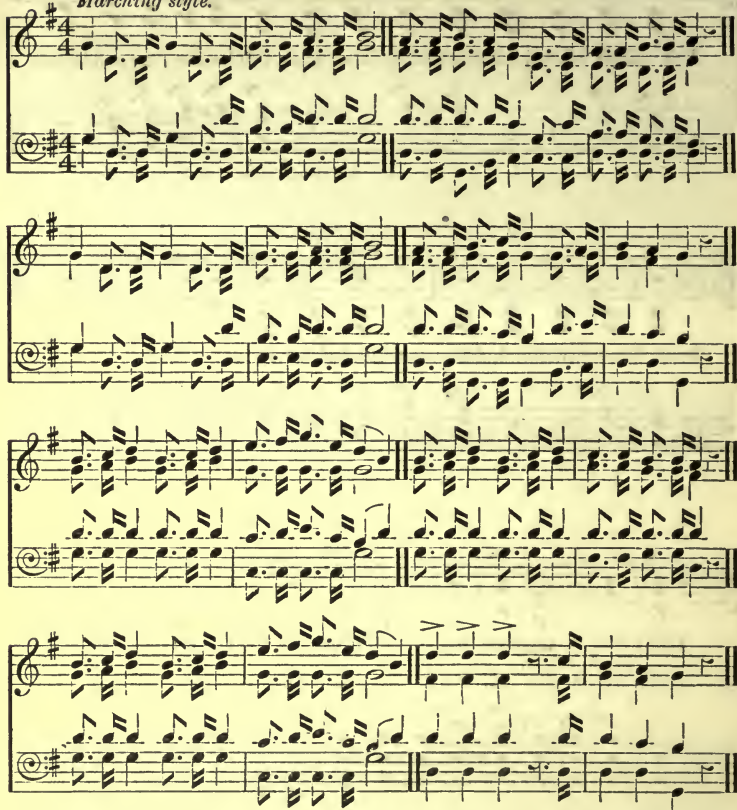


Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink wa - ter pure and bright.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Drink wa - ter pure and bright.

102

Firm and united.

Words by A. L. COWLEY. (By permission.) Scottish Air.

Marching style.

1 **FIRM AND UNITED WE DAILY MARCH**
ALONG, [FOR THE RIGHT;
ONWARD, EVER ONWARD, TO BATTLE
ALL SET TO WORK, WITH A HEART AND
COURAGE STRONG,
SURE THAT WE SHALL CONQUER, FOR
RIGHT IS MIGHT.

Work and win, work and win,
 Shall our motto be,
 Firm and strong, march along,
 March to victory,
 With a will, onward still,
 Soon the foe shall flee;
ONWARD MARCH TO VICTORY.

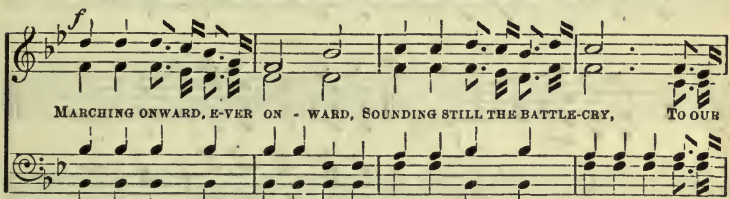
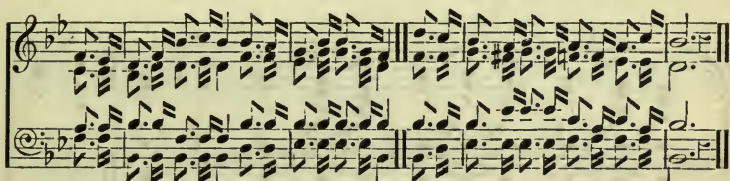
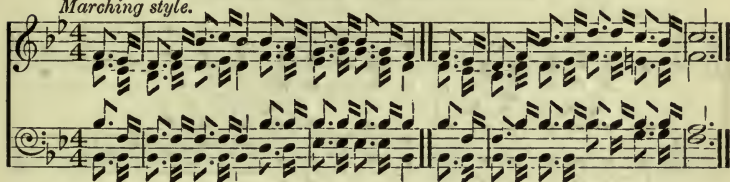
2 *Foes all around us may strive to bar*
the way,
Friends may say we're hasty, and
bid us wait awhile. [they say,
Firm in our purpose, we heed not what
Till our cause has triumphed, we
still must toil.
WORK AND WIN, &c.

3 **UP WITH THE STANDARD, AND BEAR**
IT FAR AND WIDE,
ONWARD, EVER ONWARD, O'ER ALL
THE BATTLE FIELD;
HEAVEN IS OUR HELPER, AND SO
WHATE'ER BETIDE, [NEVER YIELD.
IN THE MIGHTY CONFLICT WE'LL
WORK AND WIN, &c.

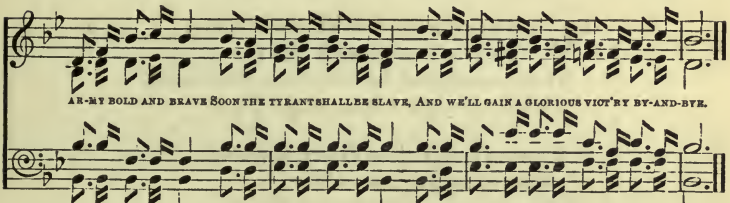
103 Friends of Temperance.

Words by Mrs. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. Music by G. F. ROOT.

Marching style.



MARCHING ON - WARD, E-VER ONWARD, SOUNDING STILL THE BATTLE-CRY,



AR-MY BOLD AND BRAVE SOON THE TYRANT SHALL BE SLAVE, AND WE'LL GAIN A GLORIOUS VICT'RY BY-AND-BYE.

¹ FRIENDS of Temperance, quickly rise,
We must struggle for the right,
And our noble cause more earnestly defend;
See the foe approaching fast!
We must meet him in the fight,
And be faithful, true, and hopeful to the end.

MARCHING ONWARD, EVER ONWARD,
SOUNDING STILL THE BATTLE-CRY,
TO OUR ARMY BOLD AND BRAVE
SOON THE TYRANT SHALL BE SLAVE,
AND WE'LL GAIN A GLORIOUS VICTORY
BY-AND-BYE.

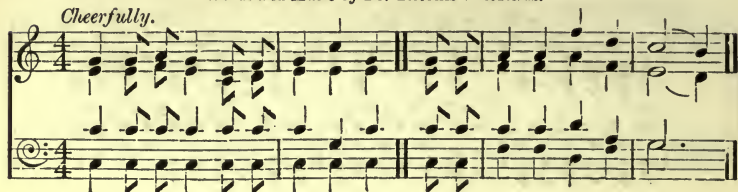
² Like the fatal wind that sweeps
O'er the desert's burning plain,
Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath;
While the aged and the young,
He is binding with a chain
That will lead them on by myriads to death.
Marching onward, &c.

³ Raise our banner to the breeze,
Let the wrongs to be redressed
Be our signal and our watchword as we go;
Like the veterans of the past,
We will never, never rest
Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe.
MARCHING ONWARD, &c.

104

Give me a draught.

Words and Music by Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Cheerfully.

- 1 **G**IVE me a draught from the crystal spring,
 When the burning sun is high ;
 When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling
 ||: Where the pearls and the pebbles lie. :||
- 2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
 When the cooling breezes blow ;
 When the leaves of the trees are withering
 ||: From the frost and the fleecy snow. :||
- 3 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
 When the wintry winds are gone ;
 When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring
 ||: From the woods o'er the verdant lawn. :||
- 4 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
 When the ripening fruits appear ;
 When the reapers the song of the harvest sing,
 ||: And plenty has crowned the year. :||

105 God brews the bright cold water.

Words by E. A. WARD. Old English Air, harmonised by E. V. (*By permission.*)
With vigour.



1 GOD brews the water, cold and bright,
 Upon the mountain high;
 Where storm-clouds brood and thunders
 crash,
 And lightning flashes by.
 Up there, 'mid realms of snow and ice,
 That gleam in sunlight gold,
 His bounteous hand prepares for us
 The water pure and cold.

2 Its many beauteous forms abound
 On this fair earth of ours;
 It gleameth in the drops of dew,
 Like pearls among the flowers;

It singeth in the summer rain,
 And danceth in the hail,
 And gently o'er the setting sun
 It spreads a golden veil.

3 And none need dread its crystal flow,
 For fearlessly the lip
 Of husband, brother, friend, or child,
 The cooling draught may sip.
 ALL HAIL! THEN, WATER, PURE AND
 BRIGHT,
 SO BOUNTEOUS AND SO FREE;
 O, PRECIOUS GIFT OF GOD TO MAN,
 NO DRINK CAN EQUAL THEE!

106 God bless our youthful band.

Music attributed to Dr. JOHN BULL. (May be sung to No. 107.)



1 GOD bless our youthful band,
 O, may we firmly stand
 True to our pledge!
 May we to liberty,
 Truth, love, and charity,
 EVERMORE FAITHFUL BE,
 FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

2 *While for the drunkard's weal*
We work with constant zeal,
Our labours bless!
 And we Thy aid invoke
 To save all little folk
 From the poor drunkard's yoke
 And deep distress.

3 MAY ENGLAND'S CHILDREN STAND
 A NOBLE TEMPERANCE BAND,
 A JOY TO SEE!
 AND MAY OUR CAUSE EXTEND,
 UNTIL ALL PEOPLES BLEND,
 AND ONE GREAT SHOUT ASCEND,—
 "THE WORLD IS FREE!"

4 God save our gracious King!
 Long live our noble King!
 GOD SAVE THE KING!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious;
 Long to reign over us;
 GOD SAVE THE KING!

107 God bless our native land.

Words by W. E. HICKSON. Tune "Moscow," by F. GIARDINI. (May be sung to No. 106.)



1 GOD bless our native land :
 May Thy protecting hand
 Still guard our shore.
 May peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's rights depend
 On war no more !

2 O Lord, our monarch bless
 With strength and righteousness ;
 Long may he reign !
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above ;
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our isle !
 Home of the brave and free,
 Thou land of liberty !
 May Heaven ne'er cease on thee
 With love to smile.

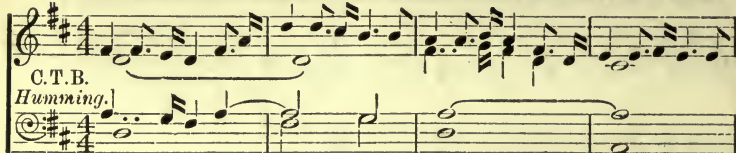
4 Nor on this land alone ;
 But be Thy mercies known
 From shore to shore !
 AND MAY THE NATIONS SEE
 THAT MEN SHOULD BROTHERS BE,
 AND FORM ONE FAMILY
 THE WIDE WORLD O'ER.

108 Hark ! hark ! my country !

Words by Rev. G. M. MURPHY. (*By permission.*) Music by H. C. WORK.

SOPRANOS (or SOLO).

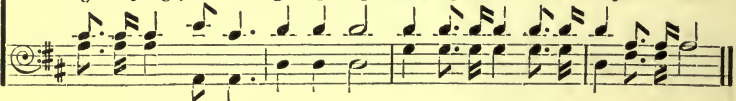
1. Hark ! hark ! my country, I've good news for thee, The land from intem-p'rances shall one day be free ; And



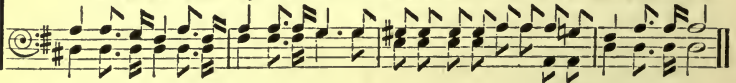
wisdom and virtue its borders enshrine ; And now we ask you, one and all, to help on the time.



Sign the pledge, bro-ther ; sign ! sign ! sign ! Ask-ing the aid of a Help-er Di-vine,



He will as-sist us the day to secure, When all shall sober, happy be, and upright and pure,



1 **H**ARK ! hark ! my country, I've good news for thee, [day be free ; The land from intemperance shall one And wisdom and virtue its borders enshrine : [help on the time. And now we ask you, one and all, to Sign the pledge, &c.

2 Brave, brave old England, no more shall the shame Rest on thy scutcheon, and blot thy fair fame,

The drink's sad reproach shall be soon wiped away ; [on the day. And so we ask you, one and all, to help Sign the pledge, &c.

3 Grand, grand old nation, the pride of the world, [unfurled ; See, see the banner of Temperance Flock to the standard of freedom and peace, [ranks to increase. Oh ! now we ask you, one and all, our Sign the pledge, &c.

109 Hark! hear the order pass!

[STAND TO YOUR ARMS.]

Words by P. P. BLISS. Music by O. W. YOUNG.



1 **H**ARK! hear the order pass:—

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Strong men may fall, alas!

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Mighty the foe and strong!

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Right must subdue the wrong!

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Stand by the Temperance cause,

Stand by the Temperance cause,

Stand, seeking no applause,

Dreading no alarms!

Stand firm, united, free,

Stand by your liberty;

STAND! let your watchword be,—

STAND TO YOUR ARMS.

2 Firm as the towering hills,

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Firm 'gainst the king of ills,

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Madly his minions hie;

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Proudly our power defy!

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Stand by, &c.

3 See, o'er our banner bright,

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Heaven sheds a cheerful light;

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Onward our course, though slow,

STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

P'ackward it cannot go!

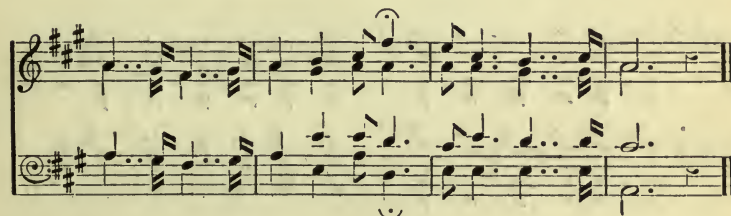
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Stand by, &c.

110 Hark! the Temperance trumpet.

Words by A. L. COWLEY. (By permission.) Welsh Air,—“Men of Harlech.”

Bold and spirited.



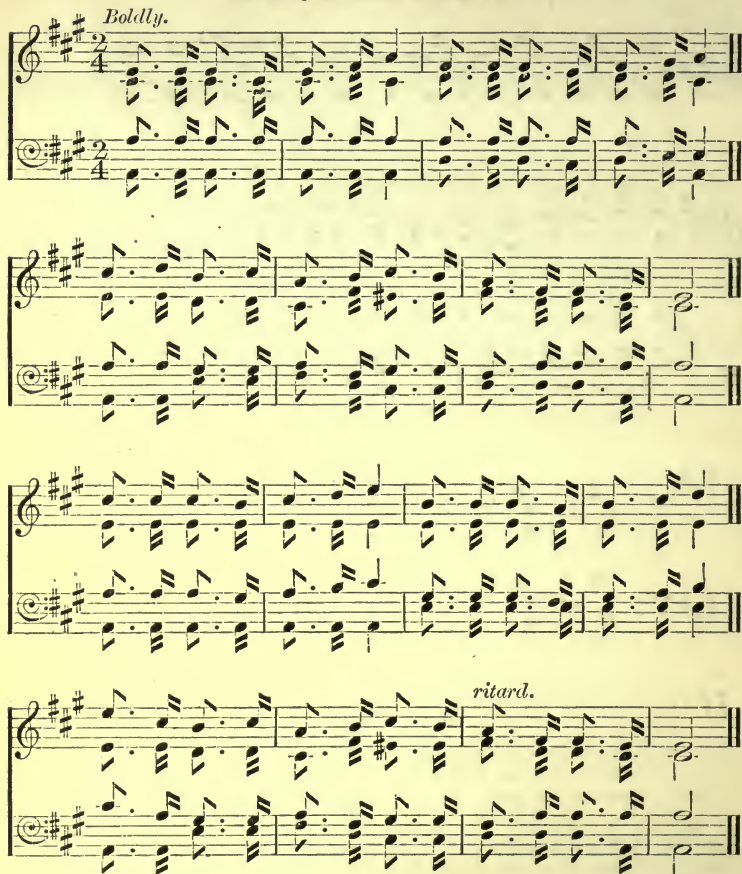
1 **H**ARK! *The Temperance trumpet*
calling,
See around you sights appalling,
See the wretched drunkards falling ;
 RALLY, TEMPERANCE MEN.
Drink is spreading desolation,
Hail the dawning reformation,
One and all, throughout the nation;
 RALLY, TEMPERANCE MEN.
Hear the captive crying,
See the drunkard dying,
 Up and fight, our cause is right,
 The foe shall soon be flying.
 Make our army stronger, braver,
 Now to win our cause, or never :
HURL THE TYRANT BACK FOR
EVER,
ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN.

2 Onward march, with hearts delighted,
 In a noble cause united,
 All to Temperance truly plighted,
 ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN.
Fallen ones for help are craving,
 Onward march ! all danger braving,
 See aloft our standard waving,
 ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN.
 Brightly beams the morning ;
 Every danger scorning,
 Up and fight, our cause is right,
 AND VICTORY IS DAWNING ;
 Make our army stronger, braver,
 Now to win our cause, or never :
HURL THE TYRANT BACK FOR
EVER,
ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN.

111

Friends of freedom.

Words by HATFIELD. Scottish Air.



1 **F**RRIENDS of freedom, swell the song,
 Young and old the strain prolong,
MAKE THE TEMPERANCE ARMY STRONG,
AND ON TO VICTORY !
 Lift your banners, let them wave,
 Onward march a world to save !
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy ?

2 Give the aching bosom rest,
 Carry joy to every breast,
 Make the wretched drunkard blest,
 By living soberly,

Raise the glorious watchword high,
" GOD WILL GIVE THE VICTORY ! "
 Let the echo reach the sky,
 And earth keep jubilee.

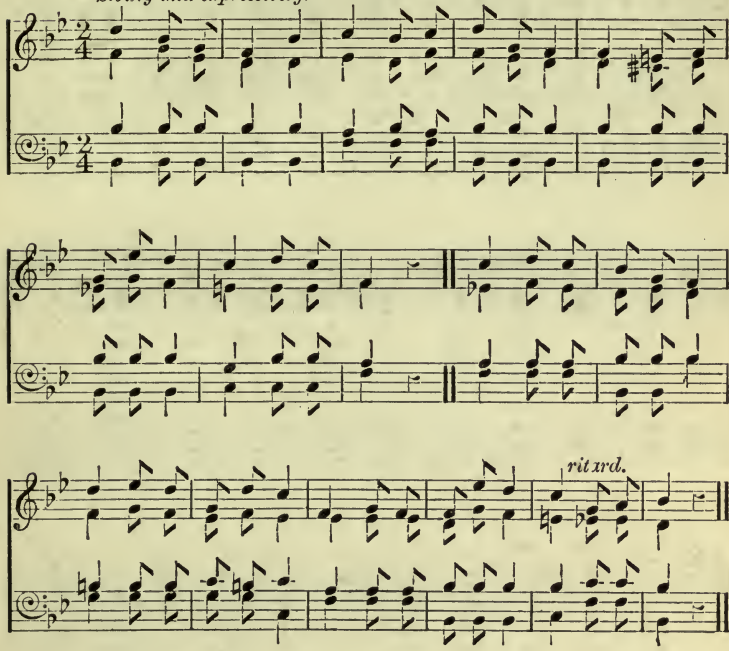
3 *God of mercy, hear us plead,*
For Thy help we intercede ;
Bless the sad ones in their need,
And set the captives free.
 Haste, O haste the happy day,
 When, beneath its gentle ray,
 Temperance all the world shall sway
 And reign triumphantly.

112 How can he leave them ?

[THE FATHER RECLAIMED.]

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. German Air.

Slowly and expressively.



1 **H**OW can he leave them ?
*How can that father go,
 Heedless of winds that blow
 Cold round his cot,
 Leave them to pine for bread,
 Children of want and pain ;
 "Father," they call in vain ;
 He answers not.*

2 *How can he leave them ?
 Leave to the tempter's power ;
 Passing each golden hour
 Careless away.
 While in his dreary home,
 Sad tears for him are shed ;
 Is every feeling dead ?
 HOW CAN HE STAY ?*

3 *How can he leave them ?
 Pale is their mother's brow,
 Hope's dying embers now
 Fade in despair :
 Folding her precious ones,
 Hark ! through the midnight dim,
 Oh ! how she prays for him ;
 Lord, hear her prayer.*

4 *Why does she tremble ?
 Was it his voice that said—
 "Lift up thy drooping head,
 Sorrow is o'er ;
 COME TO YOUR FATHER'S ARMS,
 CHILDREN, YOUR FEARS ARE PAST ;
 I AM RECLAIMED AT LAST,
 I'LL DRINK NO MORE !"*

113 Hurrah! for sparkling water.

Words by FANNY J. CRESBY. Music by HUBERT P. MAIN.

Lively.



1. Hur - rah! for spark - ling wa - ter, The cool, the pure, and
 2. Hur - rah! for spark - ling wa - ter! We love the pear - ly
 3. As stream with stream u - ni - ting, In beau - ty wend their

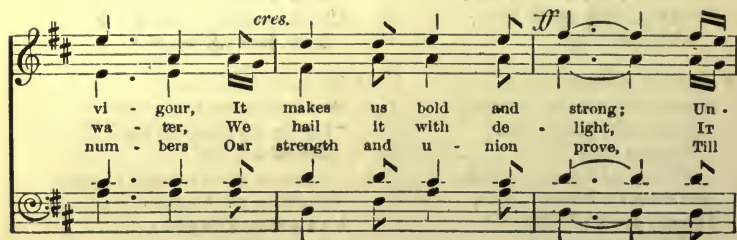


free;..... The sil - ver splash - ing wa - ter, That
 rill That glides a - long the val - ley, Be -
 way To seek the migh - ty o - cean, And



mur - murs o'er the lea..... It gives us health and
 side the wood - land hill The mer - ry laugh - ing
 min - gle with its spray, So may our grow - ing

cres. *ff*



vi - gour, It makes us bold and strong; Un -
 wa - ter, We hail it with de - light, It
 num - bers Our strength and u - nion prove, Till

- furl the Tem- per-ance ban - - ner, And this shall be our
 FILLS OUR HEARTS WITH GLAD - NESS, AND MAKES OUR DWELL - ING
 all shall reach the ha - ven Of joy, and peace, and

song: } HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! HUR -
 BRIGHT..... } HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! HUR -
 love! } HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! HUR -

- - RAH! FOR SPARK-LING WA - TER! HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! FOR

WA - TER! THE COOL, THE PURE, AND FREE!

114

Intemperance spreads.

Words by Rev. C. GARRETT. (By permission.) Irish Air.

1. Intemperance spreads o'er a' the land, Breathing its blight on young and old;
 2. The young are sink-ing day by day In deep-est sin and wretched-ness;
 3. O, Christians! pass not he-dless by; 'Tis Christ's own lambs for help who call;

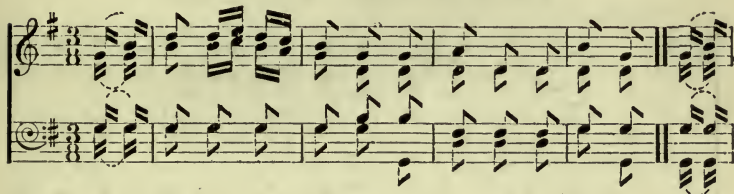
Its work is seen on ev-ry hand, Fill-ing men's hearts with grief un-told.
 In an-guish wild to you they pray, To help them in their sore dis-tress.
 On wings of love to aid them fly, And rest not till you save them all

With-in its toils our breth-ren lie, In sin, and mi-se-ry, and shame:
 THEY CRY A-LOUD, THEY CRY TO YOU—THE STRONG, THE WISE, THE PURE, THE GOOD;
 BE-GIN AT ONCE, BE-GIN TO-DAY; THEIR SORROWS CHASE, THE CAUSE DESTROY,

Too dull to think, too weak to fly, Ensnared in Free-dom's sa-cred name.
 You, who such sor-rows ne-ver knew, And in such dan-ger ne'er have stood.
 EACH HOME SHALL THEN BE PURE INDEED, AND FILLED WITH LIGHT, AND PEACE, AND JOY.

115 In the ways of true Temperance.

Words by JABEZ TUNNICLIFFE. Air "Buy a broom."



1 **I**N the ways of true Temperance see children delighting,
 So joyful and happy wherever we go ;
 If firm to the purpose in which we're uniting,
 WE SHALL NEVER BE DRUNKARDS—OH NEVER, OH NO !

2 *The first little drop of strong drink that is taken,*
Is the first step to ruin, e'en children may know :
 If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
 WE SHALL NEVER BE DRUNKARDS—OH NEVER, OH NO !

3 Then free from the ruin strong drink would occasion,
 WE WILL STAND BY OUR TEMPERANCE WHEREVER WE GO ;
 And whoever may tempt, we'll resist their persuasion,
 FOR WE'LL NEVER BE DRUNKARDS—OH NEVER, OH NO !

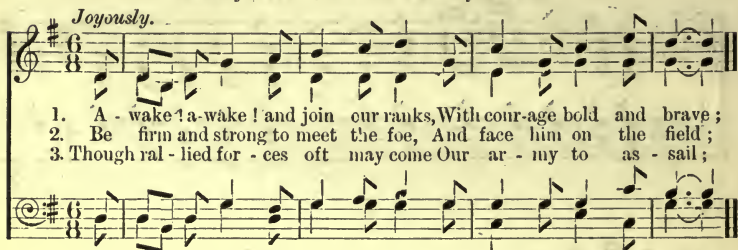
4 O come and belong to our Band of Hope Union,
 You'll be shielded from danger, wherever you go ;
 We have wisdom in mirth, and we've loving communion,
 AND YOU'LL NEVER BE DRUNKARDS—OH NEVER, OH NO !

116

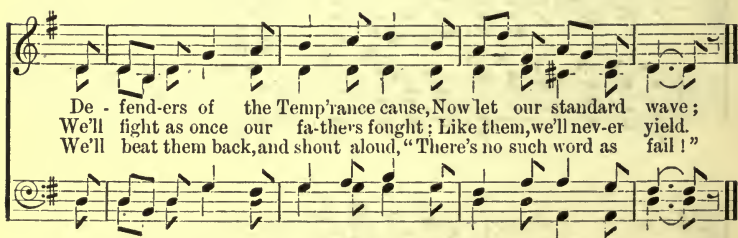
Awake! awake!

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by FRANZ ABT.

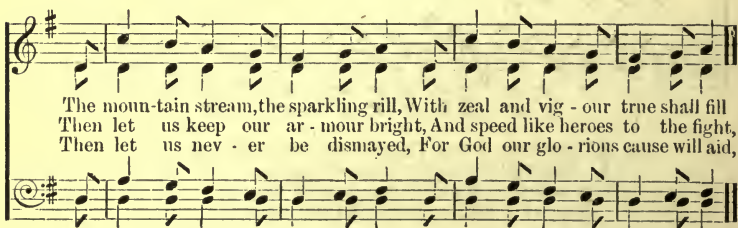
Joyously.



1. A - wake! a - wake! and join our ranks, With cour-age bold and brave;
 2. Be firm and strong to meet the foe, And face him on the field;
 3. Though ral - lied for - ces oft may come Our ar - my to as - sail;



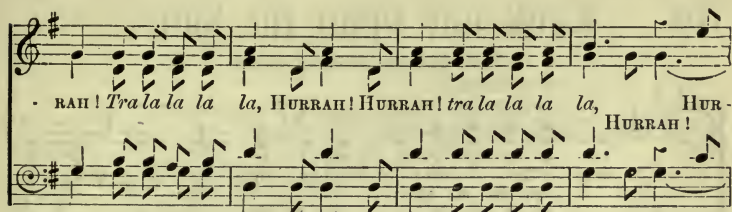
De - fend-ers of the Temp'rance cause, Now let our standard wave;
 We'll fight as once our fa - thers fought; Like them, we'll nev - er yield.
 We'll beat them back, and shout aloud, "There's no such word as fail!"



The moun-tain stream, the sparkling rill, With zeal and vig - our true shall fill
 Then let us keep our ar - mour bright, And speed like heroes to the fight,
 Then let us nev - er be dismayed, For God our glo - rious cause will aid,



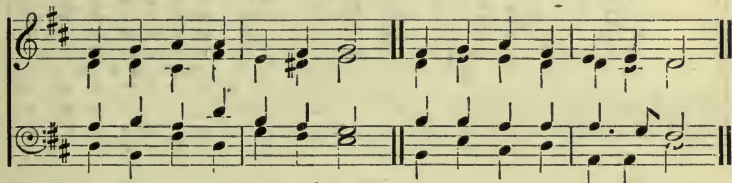
Our no - ble Temp'rance band, Our no - ble Temp'rance band. HURRAH, HUR-
 U - ni - ted heart and hand, U - ni - ted heart and hand. HURRAH, HUR-
 U - ni - ted let us stand, U - ni - ted let us stand. HURRAH, HUR-



117

Gratitude and hope.

Words by FRANK ADKINS. Tune "Lubeck."



- 1 GRACIOUS Father, Lord Most High!
Heart and voice we raise to Thee,
Thankful hearts for days gone by,
Hopeful hearts for days to be.
- 2 Small the work when first begun—
Love, the early workers' guide;
Nobly was their duty done,
Ever shall their praise abide.
- 3 Sped by love's resistless sway
Swiftly grows the youthful Band;

- None its mighty march can stay,
Nor its power and truth withstand.
- 4 Praise we now for millions won,
Youths and maidens fair to see,
Led where youthful feet may run,
Free from danger, on to Thee.
- 5 Speed our cause, oh, Lord, we pray,
Worthy may Thy servants prove,
Till at last Thy triumph day
Crowns the work of truth and love.

118 Look not upon the wine.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

Slowly and expressively.

1. Look not up - on the wine with its ru - by glow, Though its

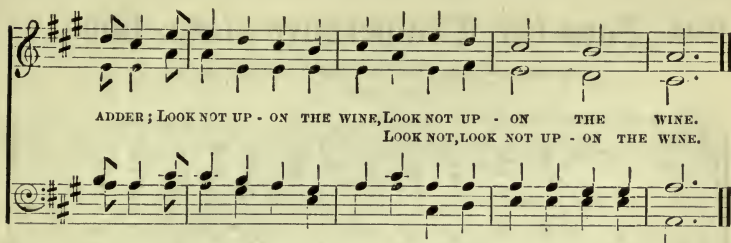
spark - ling wave - lets shine; There is treach - er - y and shame, there is

want and woe, In the smile of the blood - red wine.

Quicker.

At the last, at the last, at the last, IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT, IT

STINGETH LIKE AN AD - DER; IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT, IT STINGETH LIKE AN



ADDER; LOOK NOT UP - ON THE WINE, LOOK NOT UP - ON THE WINE.
LOOK NOT, LOOK NOT UP - ON THE WINE.

2 Look not upon the wine in the festive throng,
As it flows at folly's shrine;
*There is but a hollow joy in the dance and song
That are born of the maddening wine.
At the last, &c.*

3 Look not upon the wine at the sacred hearth,
When the loved ones round thee twine;
*There is mockery and pain, there is blight and dearth,
In the home that is stained with wine.
At the last, &c.*

119

My promise.

Words by CARDINAL MANNING. Tune "St. Bernard," by J. RICHARDSON.



1 I PROMISE Thee, dear Lord, that I
Will never cloud the light
Which shines from Thee within my soul,
And makes my reason bright.

2 Nor ever will I lose the power
To serve Thee by my will,
Which Thou hast set within my heart,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 O let me drink as Adam drank,
Before from Thee he fell;
O let me drink as Thou, dear Lord,
When faint by Sychar's well;

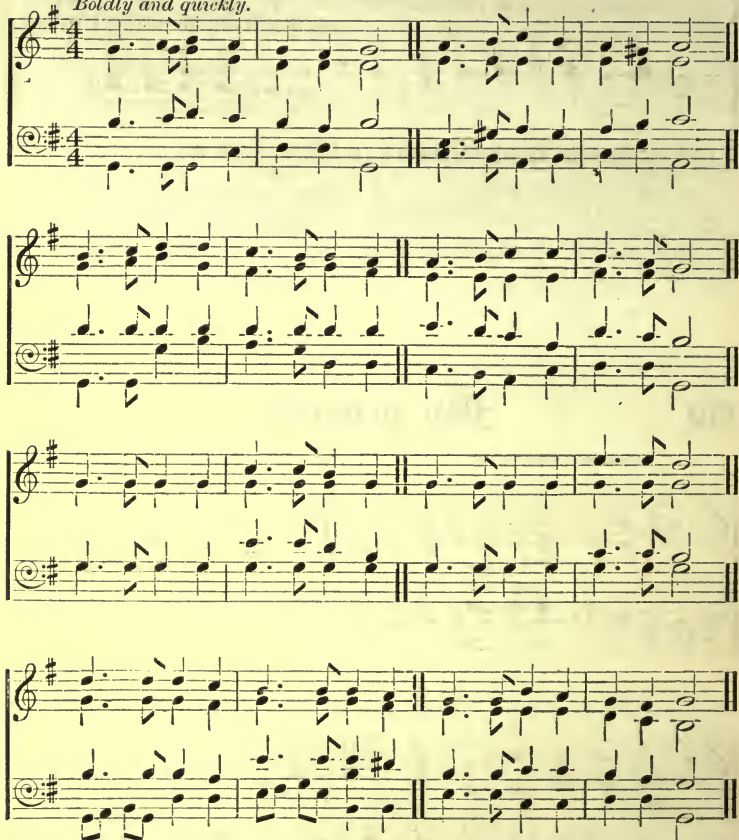
4 That from my childhood, pure from sin
Of drink and drunken strife,
By the clear fountain I may rest
Of everlasting life.

120 Join the Temperance army, boys.

Words by ALFRED SARGANT. Music by W. H. BONNER.

(By permission.)

Boldly and quickly.



- 1 JOIN the Temperance Army, boys !
 'Tis a firm and gallant band ;
 Led by Truth, it seeks to banish
 Foul Intemperance from the land.
 Stronger than the strongest iron
 Is the drunkard's galling chain ;
 Shall he perish, die for ever ?
 No ; we'll teach him to abstain.
- 2 Join the Temperance Army, boys !
 Through the world your voices ring ;
 Youth is now the time to hasten,
 And escape the serpent's sting.

Never mind how men may taunt you—
 Let them pass unheeded by ;
 Better in the right be single,
 Than with thousands drink and die.

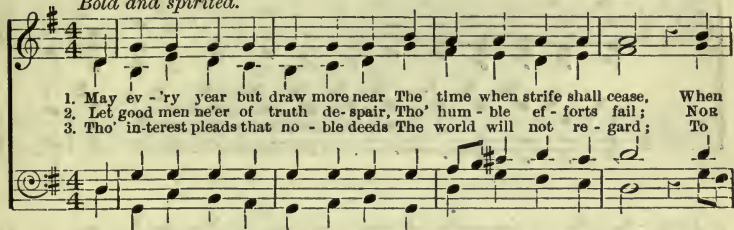
- 3 Join the Temperance Army, boys !
 'Tis the best and safest plan.
 Read it in Creation's story,—
 Water is the drink for man.
 To your word be firm and faithful ;
 Build on Truth's foundation stone,
 Christian graces ; then the Saviour
 Soon will claim you for His own.

121 May every year but draw more near.

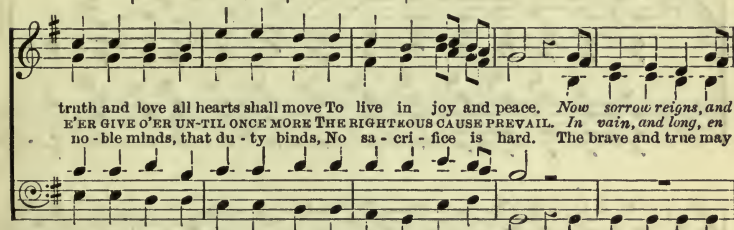
[THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.]

Words by W. E. HICKSON. (By permission.) Music from Dr. J. W. CALLCOTT.

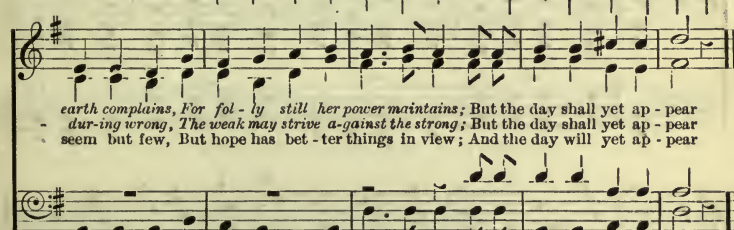
Bold and spirited.



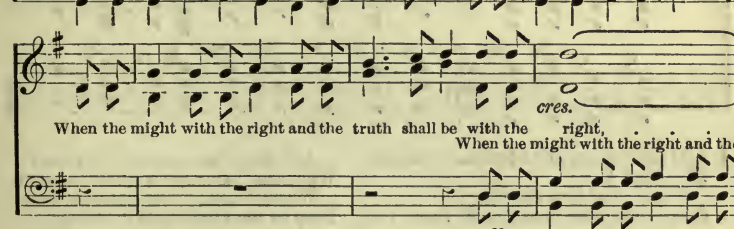
1. May ev - 'ry year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, When
2. Let good men ne'er of truth de-spair, Tho' hum - ble ef - forts fail; NOR
3. Tho' in-ter-est pleads that no - ble deeds The world will not re - gard; To



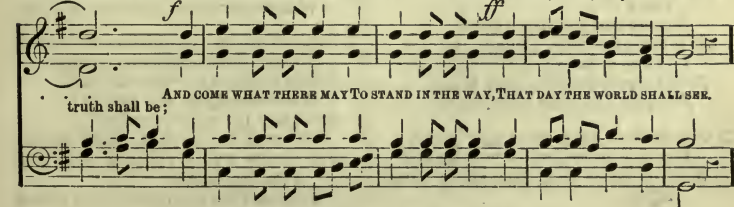
truth and love all hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now sorrow reigns, and
E'ER GIVE O'ER UN-TIL ONCE MORE THE RIGHTEOUS CAUSE PREVAIL. In vain, and long, in
no - ble minds, that du - ty binds, No sa - cri - fice is hard. The brave and true may



earth complains, For fol - ly still her power maintains; But the day shall yet ap - pear
dur - ing wrong, The weak may strive a - gainst the strong; But the day shall yet ap - pear
seem but few, But hope has bet - ter things in view; And the day will yet ap - pear



When the might with the right and the truth shall be with the right, *cres.*
When the might with the right and the



truth shall be; *f* AND COME WHAT THERE MAY TO STAND IN THE WAY, THAT DAY THE WORLD SHALL SEE. *ff*

(Last verse, repeat Chorus; last line rallentando.)

122

No more strong drink.



1 NO more strong drink! no more strong drink!

O come and sign the pledge;
Keep clear the brain, and learn to think;

O come and sign the pledge;
*So much of sorrow, shame, and sin,
In every wine-cup lurks within,
To sip 'twere best we ne'er begin,
So COME AND SIGN THE PLEDGE.*

2 Our drink is water clear and bright,
FOR WE HAVE SIGNED THE PLEDGE;
We feel we've done the thing that's right,

AND MEAN TO KEEP OUR PLEDGE;
What drink can with our drink compare,
Which God has given use every where,—
Deep in the earth, high in the air,—
WHO WOULD NOT SIGN THE PLEDGE?

3 Our friends and neighbours we'll invite
To sign the Temperance pledge!
Union is strength—let's all unite,
O come and sign the pledge;
A mighty foe infests our land,
To crush its power we boldly stand;
FOR THIS WE'VE FORMED OUR TEM-
PERANCE BAND,
FOR THIS WE'VE SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

123

Come, hail the Pioneers.

Words by Rev. JAMES YEAMES. (*By permission.*) Tune No. 122.

- 1 COME, hail the Temperance Pioneers,
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !
O listen to our ringing cheers,
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !
Though young in years, we're bold in heart,
We dare to choose a better part ;
We seek to bid strong drink depart,
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !
- 2 *What though the work be hard and long,*
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !
Our hope is firm, our courage strong,
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !
True Pioneers, we'll lead the way,
To bring about a better day ;
THE GIANT GRIM WE MEAN TO SLAY !
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !
- 3 True Bands of Hope, indeed, are we.
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !
To banish fear we all agree.
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !
We'll usher in a sober race,
We'll wipe away our land's disgrace,
We'll bid the wrong to right give place.
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !

124

Recruiting song.

Words by CHARLES WAKELY. Tune No. 122.

- 1 THREE cheers to help us on our way,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
We're pledged to noble work to-day,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Recruits enlisting, one and all,
Responsive to our leaders' call ;
We'll fight against King Alcohol ;
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
- 2 'Tis one by one that millions grow,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
There's none too weak to strike a blow ;
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
From street and lane, from school and home,
The girls and boys shall gladly come,
And help to swell the mighty sum.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
- 3 Then heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
We'll march recruiting through the land,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
And children all from shore to shore,
Shall join us in the glorious war,
Till drink shall curse our land no more,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

125 Merrily all our voices raise.

Words by A. DUNCAN. (By permission.) Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

Spirited and bright.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the soprano part. The second system ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE.' written above the staff. The third system continues the melody. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C. for CHORUS.' written above the staff.

1 **M**ERRILY all our voices raise,
 Join the Temperance chorus ;
CHEERFUL ARE OUR HEARTS TO-DAY ;
VICTORY BEFORE US.
Long has drink in deadly thrall
Held our land and nation,
But its tyrant throne shall fall,
Cease its desolation.
MERRILY ALL OUR VOICES, &c.

2 Hear the sweet and pleasant sound,
 Youthful voices singing
 Of the good and better time
 That our cause is bringing.

Sing not in the praise of wine,
 Call it not a treasure,
Death and danger often lurk
Where we think it pleasure.

MERRILY ALL OUR VOICES, &c.

3 Join our cause in youth's bright morn,
 Full of love and beauty ;
 Keep the Temperance pledge thro' life,
 Bravely do your duty.
Drinking brings to many homes
Nought but grief and sadness ;
 Temperance then shall be our plan,
BRINGING JOY AND GLADNESS.
MERRILY ALL OUR VOICES, &c.

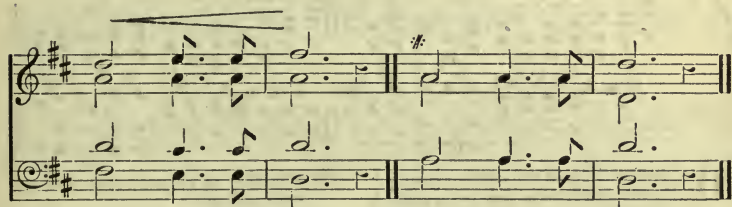
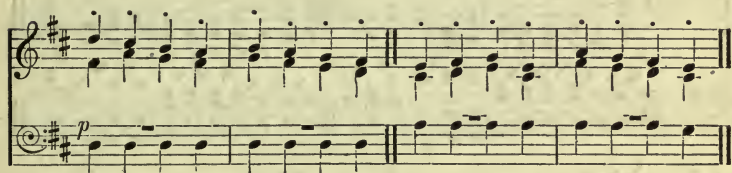
126

Now to Heaven.

[GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.]

Words by W. E. HICKSON. (*By permission.*) Music from the German.

Boldly.



1 **N**OW to heaven our prayers ascending,
 GOD SPEED THE RIGHT !
 In a noble cause contending,
 GOD SPEED THE RIGHT !
 Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
 With success on earth rewarded.
 ||: GOD SPEED THE RIGHT !: ||

2 *Be that prayer again repeated,—*
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
 God speed the right !

Like the good and great in story,
 If they fail, they fail with glory !
 ||: God speed the right !: ||

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 GOD SPEED THE RIGHT !
 Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
 GOD SPEED THE RIGHT !
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in Heaven's own time succeeding !
 ||: GOD SPEED THE RIGHT !: ||

127

O, a goodly thing.

[THE COOLING SPRING.]

Words by Mrs. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

"Opposite our chamber window is a clear, cool, never-failing spring; and running merrily along by its side, yet entirely disconnected from it, is a sprightly, bubbling, singing little brook, whose music lulls us to sleep at night, and gently awakens us at early dawn."—*The Parsonage*.

Quickly and lightly.



1 O A goodly thing is the cooling spring,
By the rock where the moss doth
grow; [music beside,
There is health in the tide and there's
In the brooklet's bounding flow.
Merry, merry little spring,
Sparkle on, sparkle on,
Merry, merry little spring,
SPARKLE ON FOR ME.
Ripple, ripple, silvery brook,
Ripple on, ripple on;
Ripple, ripple, silvery brook,
Ripple on for me.

2 And as pure as heaven is the water
given,
And the stream is for ever new;

'Tis distilled in the sky, and it drops
from on high

In the shower and gentle dew.

Merry, merry, &c.

3 Let them say 'tis weak, but its strength
I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own its sway,
For its murmur to me is the echo of glee,
AS IT LAUGHS AND BOUNDS AWAY.
Merry, merry, &c.

4 O I love to drink from the foamy brink
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring,
FOR THE DROPS THAT SHINE SHALL BE
EVER MINE, [SING.
AND ITS PRAISE, ITS PRAISE I'LL
Merry, merry, &c.

128

☉ come, come away.



- 1 O COME, come away from all that can
enslave you,
'Gainst vice and crime let us combine,
O COME, COME AWAY.
O come, let truth our minds employ,
And thus we'll ignorance destroy,
AND HOPE SHALL INCREASE OUR JOY.
O COME, COME AWAY.
- 2 With sweet songs of love we'll calm
each angry feeling;
And ne'er let wrath disturb our path,
O come, come away.
O come, let wisdom still increase,

And war of every kind will cease,
And mankind shall live in peace.
O COME, COME AWAY.

- 3 No strong drink we'll use, then it can
ne'er deceive us;
DON'T TASTE A DROP; OH! TOUCH IT
NOT,
But come, come away.
Come, drink the pure and crystal
stream,
And put your trust alone in Him
Who from sin can all redeem.
O come, come away.

129 Oh, if for me the cup you fill.

[THE GUSHING RILL.]

Music by ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Oh, if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the
2. Speak not to me of ro - sy wine, Of nec - tar cups, and

gush - ing rill, With wa - ter, wa - ter spark - ling bright, As
draughts di - vine: *The taste of bit - ter tears is there, Wrung*

clear as truth, and free as light. } Then if for me the
from the hearts most true and dear.

cup you fill, Fill it from the gush - ing rill, O
rill, . . .

fill it from the gush-ing rill, The gush-ing rill, the

gush-ing rill, the gush-ing rill.

130

Seek not the drink.

Words by Rev. DAWSON BURNS. (*By permission.*)

Tune "Ernan," by Dr. L. MASON.

1 **S**EEK not the drink that brightly gleams,
Soft but deceptive are its beams;
It kindles not a hallowed flame,
Its light lures on to sin and shame.

2 Join not with those who love to haste
Where time and treasure they may waste;
They tell a false though flattering tale,
And soon their sinful pleasures fail.

3 O I seek not these, but seek the bliss
True wisdom gives—seek early this;
Let Temperance, truth, and goodness be
Your choice before life's moments flee.

4 By prudence moved, strong drinks forsake,
Nor e'er your resolution break;
But let your heart to Him be given,
Who gives us Christ and hope of heaven.


131 ☉ look not on the tempting cup.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by T. E. PERKINS.

Quickly and lightly.



1. O look not on the tempt-ing cup, Where the wine is gleam-ing;
 2. We'll taste it not, the ru-by wine, All our sen-ses steal-ing.
 3. Say, would ye wear the rose of heath, Bro-ther, son, and daugh-ter;



There's dan-ger in the fa-tal draught, POIS-ON IN ITS BEAM-ING,
It chills the heart, des-troys the brain, Drowns each no-bler feel-ing.
 Then shun the bright de-cep-tive bowl, DRINK THE PURE COLD WA-TER.



From the mer-ry laugh-ing rill, As it glides a-long the hill, We will



drink, and re-joice at its spark-l'ng glow, And our mer-ry song shall be, Oh, the

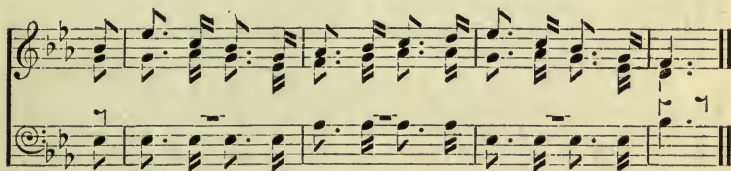


cool-ing stream for me, OH, THE BRIGHT, COOL-ING STREAM FOR ME

132 We're a youthful Band.

Words by JOHN N. CROSSLAND. (By permission.) Air "There's nae luck."

Brightly, but steadily.



1 **O** WE'RE a youthful Band of Hope,
All pledged strong drink to flee,
Then let our watchword sound afar—
"NO DRINK, NO DRINK FOR ME."
With heart and voice united,
We'll sing our Temperance song;
Till Britain's curse be done away,
And drinking customs gone.
For we're a youthful band, &c.

2 'Tis drink that blights our English homes,
And makes our mothers sad;
'Tis drink that fills our prison cells,
'Tis drink that drives men mad.

Then haste the day when Britain shall
From every stain be free;
When every voice shall sing and say—
"NO DRINK, NO DRINK FOR ME!"
For we're a youthful band, &c.

3 We'll seek God's blessing on our cause,
We'll pray — "GOD BLESS OUR
BAND!"

A Band of Hope we surely are,
A joyful, happy band;
And, Daniel-like, we'll water drink,
And Daniel's God we'll praise;
And He who Daniel kept and blest,
Will keep us all our days.

FOR WE'RE A YOUTHFUL BAND, &c.

133 O Lord! I lift my prayer to Thee.

Words by Rev. T. RYDER. (*By permission.*) Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



1 O LORD! I lift my prayer to Thee,
And though Thyself I cannot see
I know Thou wilt encourage me
My pledge to keep.

2 Pure water is the drink for me,
And makes me what I want to be;
Because it cometh fresh from Thee,
My pledge I'll keep.

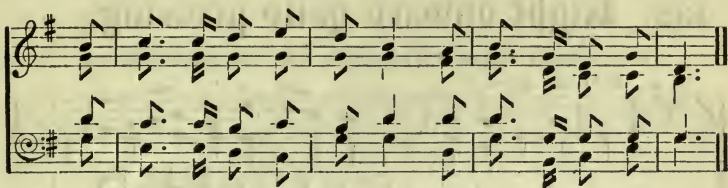
3 And closely to Thy throne I'll press,
That Thou the Temperance cause
wouldest bless,
*Yet vain were all my prayers, unless
My pledge I keep.*

4 All power is Thine, O Lord! I know,
In heaven above, on earth below,
SO MAKE ME STRONG, WHERE'ER I go,
MY PLEDGE TO KEEP.

134 O rouse ye, Christian workers!

Words by Mrs. A. B. HAWKS. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.





1 **O** ROUSE ye, Christian workers,
Come, help us, one and all;
Why longer do ye tarry;
O, hear ye not the call?
THEN SOUND IT LOUD AND LOUDER,
SWELL HIGH THE CLARION NOTES,
Till from each Christian household,
An answering echo floats.
O rouse ye, Christian workers!
A mighty ransomed band;
We'll work and pray, and sweep
away
Intemperance from the land.

2 This wave the Lord uprolleth;
Seek not to stay the tide;

The work that He upholdeth
For ever shall abide;
IT IS THE LORD WHO CALLETH,
THE VICTORY SHALL BE WON;
And Faith and Prayer, the armour
He bids ye now gird on.
O, rouse ye, &c.

3 *O will ye longer tarry
Just at the outer gate,
While sorrowing hearts in silence
For their deliverance wait!*
Come, sisters, to the rescue,
Come, brothers, close the ranks;
IN GOD'S OWN TIME WE'LL CONQUER,
AND AT HIS FEET GIVE THANKS.
O, ROUSE YE, &c.

135 Right onward gaily pressing.

Words by FRANK ADKINS. (By permission.) Air,—"The British Grenadiers."

Bold and spirited.



1 **R**IGHT onward gaily pressing,
We will not yield to fear,
Earth's greatest wrong redressing,
Who would not persevere?
For truth with love and courage,
Was never known to fail;
So BRAVELY WE'LL FIGHT, FOR WE
KNOW WE ARE RIGHT, [PREVAIL.
AND THE GOOD CAUSE MUST

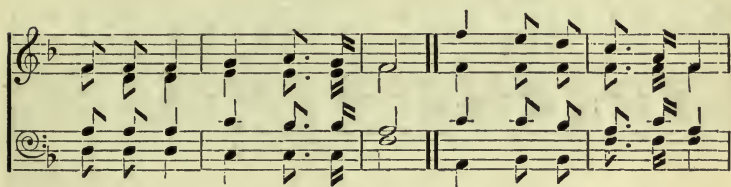
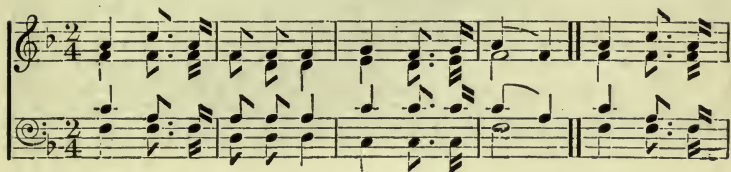
2 No blood e'er stained the brightness
Of the weapons which we bear;
Not shrieks and groans, but blessings,
Around us fill the air.
With truth and love we arm us,
For these alone avail.
So BRAVELY WE'LL FIGHT, &c.

3 Our comrades gone before us
Will cheer us as we go,
And fallen ones implore us
To battle with their foe.
Swift to the call responding,
Their foe we will assail.
So BRAVELY WE'LL FIGHT, &c.

4 Oh, come and join our party,
And to our cause be true,
You'll find our welcome hearty,
And share our victory too.
The wise, the good, the earnest,
With joy our progress hail.
So BRAVELY WE'LL FIGHT, &c.

136 Sad is the drunkard's life.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Air "The Troubadour," by T. H. BAYLY.



1 *SAD is the drunkard's life,
Wasting in crime,
Far from the path of right,
Reckless of time.
Tears of repentant grief
Chill as they start,
Hardly a tender thought
Wakes in his heart.*

2 Often a single spark
Kindles a flame ;
Kindness may win him back,
Prayer may reclaim ;
Go when he sits alone,
Burdened with care,
Tell him his sinful course,
Plead with him there.

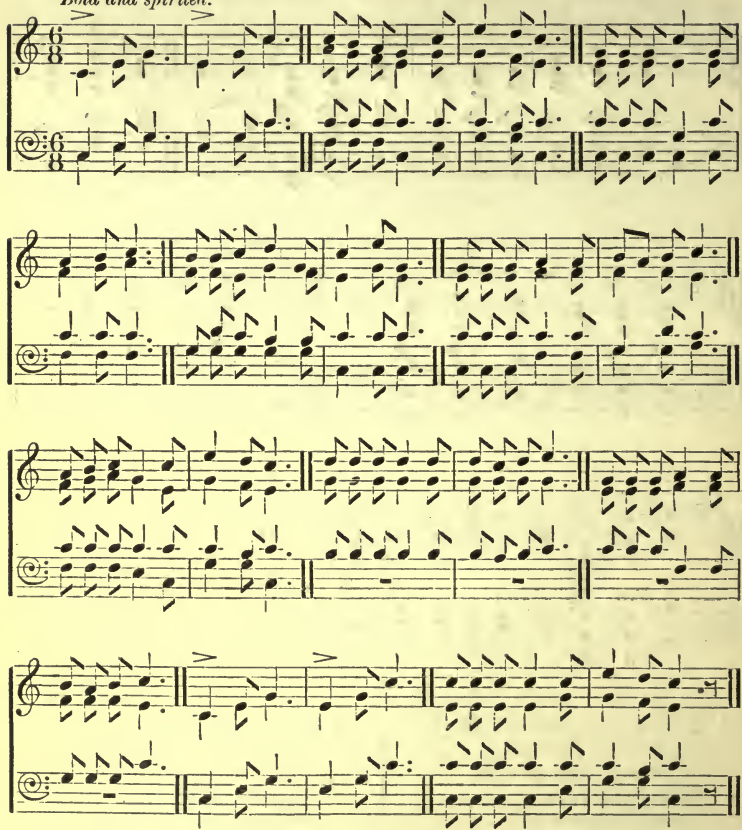
3 Picture a happy past,
Gone from his sight,
Bring back his early youth,
Cloudless and bright.
Tell how a mother's eye
Watched while he slept,
Tell how she prayed for him,
Sorrowed and wept.

4 Point to the better land,
Home of the blest,
Where she has passed away,
Gone to her rest.
O'er that departed one
Memory will yearn ;
GOD IN HIS MERCY GRANT
HE MAY RETURN. K

137

Safe and strong !

Words and Music by REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Bold and spirited.

1 **SAFE** and strong ! Safe and strong !
 We to the hosts of God belong.
 Strong in the strength of God our King,
 Gladly and loud to Him we sing ;
 Joyfully praise His boundless grace,
 Able to save our fallen race.
 Looking for victory, onward we move,
 Trusting our Father's infinite Love.
SAFE AND STRONG ! SAFE AND STRONG !
WE TO THE HOSTS OF GOD BELONG.

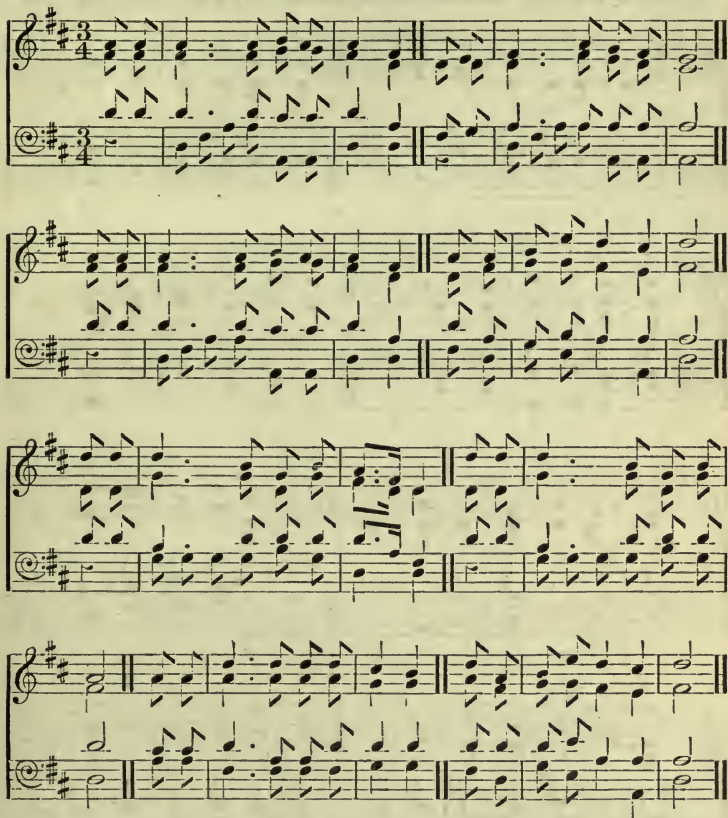
2 Safe and strong ! Safe and strong !
 We to the hosts of God belong.

*We in ourselves are poor and weak ;
 Father of all, Thy strength we seek ;
 Keep us in all we do or think,
 Safe from the power of deadly drink.
 Looking for victory, &c.*

3 Safe and strong ! Safe and strong !
 We to the hosts of God belong.
 Keep us in mind and body pure,
 Only in Thee we stand secure !
 Keep us in heart and purpose brave,
 Ready to help, and prompt to save.
 Looking for victory, &c.

138

Save the drunkard.

Words by Rev. W. A. ESSERY. (*By permission.*) Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

1 **SAVE** the drunkard from destruction,
 Snatch him from the foaming tide,
Lo! it bears him down to darkness,
Where eternal woes abide;

LAUNCH THE LIFEBOAT, LAUNCH THE
 Swiftly to his rescue fly, [**LIFEBOAT,**
 Sa'e him, wife, and sons and daughters,
GOD WILL HELP YOU, HASTE AND TRY.

2 Save the children from temptation,
 Pluck them from the drunkard's sin,
 Point them out the path of safety,
 Teach their feet to walk therein.
SAVE THE CHILDREN, SAVE THE CHILDREN,

Join them all in youthful bands,
 Pledged for life the foe to battle,
 Linked to each with fervent hands.

3 **Save the nation, dear old England**
 Wipe away her foulest stain,
 Ye, her patriots, league and struggle,
 Strong our Temperance cause maintain,

FIGHT THE DEMON, FIGHT THE DEMON,
 Breaking down his cursed sway,
SOON THE SONGS OF PERFECT TRIUMPH
 SHALL PROCLAIM WE'VE WON THE DAY.

139 Sing we now our festive song.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Tune "St. George's, Windsor," by G. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc., Oxon.



1 SING we now our festive song,
 Let each voice its strains prolong;
 Sing with mirthfulness and cheer,
 Every heart is happy here.
 Sing! for Temperance wins its way;
 Sing! for dawn of brighter day!
 Sing! as high our banner waves;
 Sing! "WE NEVER WILL BE SLAVES."

2 Homes are bright that once were sad,
 Mourning souls are now made glad;
 Those who sinful paths pursued,
 By God's Spirit are renewed.

Pledged the drink curse to destroy,
 Sing we now with holy joy;
 Sharing not the drunkard's woe—
 Sing! "WE'LL OVERCOME THE FOE."

3 Sing! for those who now are free;
 Hail the Temperance jubilee!
 Sing! for wives whose bitter tears
 Now are dried, dispelled their fears;
 Sing! for countless little ones—
 Brothers, sisters, daughters, sons—
 Gladdened now by parent's love;
 GIVE THE PRAISE TO GOD ABOVE.

140

Sound the battle-cry.

Words and Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

Vigorously, in march time.

- 1 **S**OUND the battle-cry !
 See ! the foe is nigh ;
 Raise the standard high
 For the Lord ;
 Gird your armour on,
 Stand firm every one,
 Rest your cause upon
 His holy word.

ROUSE THEN, FREEMEN, COME FROM HILL
 AND VALLEY ;
 FATHERS, BROTHERS, EARNEST, BRAVE,
 AND STRONG,
 ONWARD, FORWARD, ALL UNITED RALLY,
 "DEATH TO ALCOHOL," YOUR BATTLE
 SONG !

- 2 Strong to meet the foe,
 Marching on we go,

While our cause we know
 Must prevail ;
 Shield and banner bright,
 Gleaming in the light,
 Battling for the right
 We ne'er can fail.
 ROUSE, THEN, &c.

- 3 Oh ! Thou God of all,
 Hear us when we call ;
 Help us one and all
 By Thy grace.
 When the battle's done,
 And the victory won,
 May we wear the crown,
 Before Thy face.
 ROUSE, THEN, &c.

141 Temperance boys and girls.

Words by W. W. DOWNS. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

Quickly and lightly.

1. Temperance boys and girls are we, In sun-ny youth from care we're free, And
 2. No drink we use but wa-ter pure, And have few aches or pains to cure; Good
 3. What if the way is sometimes rough! We're do-ing right, and that's e-nough To

join we now in "Bands of Hope," A-gainst an e-vil power to cope. We
 health is ours, and pros-pects bright; Our heads are clear, our hearts are light. But
 cheer our hearts from morn till night, As long as in this cause we fight! We'll

know that e'en the small-est thing Can do some good, or com-fort bring, And
 then, to keep these bless-ings all, We ne'er must heed the temp-ter's call, But
 CLASP EACH O-THER BY THE HAND, AND PLEDGE THE HON-OR OF OUR BAND, THAT

so we will in ear-nest strive From all our land this curse to drive!
 from "strong drink" must turn a-way, Nor from the path of vir-tue stray! Temperance boys and girls are we,
 TRUE AND FAITHFUL WE WILL BE, TILL ALL OUR LAND FROM DRINK IS FREE!

(Boys.)

(Girls.)

(All.)

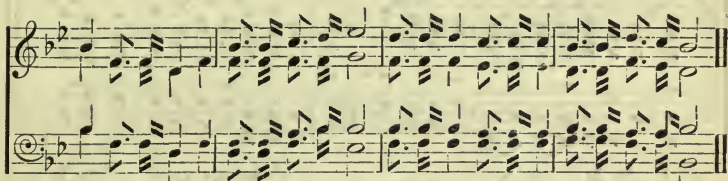
(Last verse rall.)

Temperance boys, Temperance girls, Temperance boys and girls are we, ALWAYS TRUE WE MEAN TO BE!

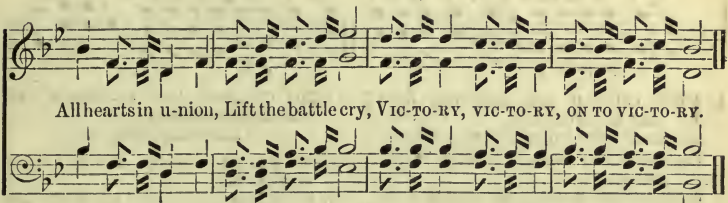
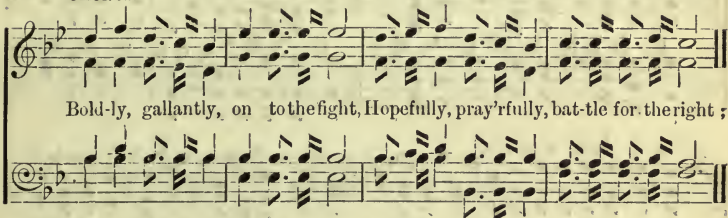
142

Victory.

Music by D. B. PURINTON.



CHORUS.



1 **F**ORTH to the conflict, battle for the right,
Stand like a hero in the noble fight ;
Lift up the fallen, set the captive free,
Victory ! victory ! on to victory !
Boldly, gallantly, &c.

2 Forth to the conflict, rally for the fray,
Fear not the foeman, truth shall gain the day ;
Up with the banner of the pure and free,
VICTORY ! VICTORY ! ON TO VICTORY !
Boldly, gallantly, &c.

3 Forth to the conflict ! ruin, want, and woe,
Fetter the victims of the heartless foe ;
God of the tempted, hear their bitter cry,
VICTORY ! VICTORY ! GIVE THE VICTORY.
Boldly, gallantly, &c.

4 Forth to the conflict, fair Britannia's land
Rescue for ever from the tyrant's hand ;
Let all unite to raise the joyful song,
"VICTORY ! VICTORY ! RIGHT HAS CONQUERED WRONG."
Boldly, gallantly, &c.

143 The children are gathering.

Words by R. P. CLARK, Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 **T**HE children are gathering from
near and from far, [war ;
And loudly the trumpet is sounding for
'The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful
and long ;

WE'LL GIRD ON OUR ARMOUR, AND BE
MARCHING ALONG.

Marching along, we are marching
along, [along ;
Gird on the armour, and be marching
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful
and long ;

THEN GIRD ON THE ARMOUR, AND BE
MARCHING ALONG.

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver or turn from the
way ;

THE LORD IS OUR STRENGTH, BE THIS
EVER OUR SONG,

WITH COURAGE AND FAITH WE ARE
MARCHING ALONG.

Marching along, &c.

3 We've taken the pledge, and will stand
by it true,

WITH CHRIST AS OUR CAPTAIN WE
NEVER SHALL RUE :

The "Sword of the Spirit," both trusty
and strong, [ing along.

We'll hold in our hands as we're march-
Marching along, &c.

4 *Through conflicts and trials our crown
we must win, [and sin,*

For here we contend 'gainst temptation
But one thing assures us, we cannot
go wrong,

IF TRUSTING OUR SAVIOUR WHILE
MARCHING ALONG.

Marching along, &c.

144 There's a glorious work before us.

[WE SHALL DO IT BY-AND-BYE.]

Words by Rev. C. GARRETT. Music by Dr. H. T. LESLIE.

(By permission.)

Resolutely.

cres. *ff bold.*

We shall do it, We shall do it, We shall do it by - and -

f *p* *ff*

- bye, We shall do it, we shall do it, We shall do it by-and-bye.

1 **T**HERE'S a glorious work before us,
A work both great and grand;
Everyone at once should join us;
And help with heart and hand.
We shall do it! &c.

2 **T**here are homes now full of sadness,
Whence peace and love are flown;
WE MUST FILL THOSE HOMES WITH
GLADNESS,
AND MAKE THE SAVIOUR KNOWN.
We shall do it! &c.

3 **T**here are crowds of little children,
Deep sunk in sin and night;
We must raise them from their dark-
ness,
And lead them up to light.
We shall do it! &c.

4 **G**od is with us! ever helping,
Until our work we've done:
With us guiding, keeping, blessing,
TILL THE VICTORY IS WON.
WE SHALL DO IT! &c.

145 *There's a serpent in the glass.*

[DASH IT DOWN.]

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY

1. There's a ser-pent in the glass—DASH IT DOWN! DASH IT DOWN! Like a
 2. There's a sting be-neath its smile—DASH IT DOWN! DASH IT DOWN! And it

snake a-mong the grass, DASH IT DOWN! DASH IT DOWN! There is
 spark-les to be-guile—DASH IT DOWN! DASH IT DOWN! While it

many a bosom's thro'e, And a world of bit-ter woe, Ly-ing un-derneath its flow, DASH IT
 of-fers to de-fend, And it flat-ters as a friend, There is ru-in in the end—DASH IT

DASH IT DOWN! DASH IT DOWN! DASH IT DOWN! DASH IT DOWN!
 DOWN, DASH IT DOWN, DASH IT DOWN, DASH IT DOWN, DASH IT DOWN, DASH IT DOWN, DASH IT DOWN, DASH IT DOWN!

3 All its mirth is but a snare—
 DASH IT DOWN!
 All its promises are air—
 DASH IT DOWN!
 And its laugh becomes a grin,
 And its pleasures turn to sin,
While it draws its victim in—
 DASH IT DOWN!

4 'Tis a tyrant o'er a slave—
 DASH IT DOWN!
 'Tis as cruel as the grave—
 DASH IT DOWN!
 There is bondage in its reign,
 There is fury in its train,
There is death to heart and brain—
 DASH IT DOWN!

146 The Temperance cause is calling.

[WORK AND PRAY.]

Words by E. A. BARNES. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.



1 THE Temperance cause is calling
 To wrestle with the foe,
 To carry forth its blessings
 Wherever we may go;
Wretched homes o'er all the land
Bear witness to the spoiler's hand;
 Then, while we sing our Temperance
 We'll ever work and pray. [song,
 Work and pray, work and pray,
 Golden watchword of our way!
 OUR MISSION IS TO SEEK AND
 SAVE,
 AND GOD WILL HELP THE BRAVE.

2 The Temperance cause is calling
 To shed its light around,
 To plead for right and justice,

Where sin and wrong are found;
Bitter are the tears that flow,
That mark the footsteps of our foe;
 Then, while we sing our Temperance
 We'll ever work and pray. [song,
 Work and pray, &c.

3 The Temperance cause is calling
 To swell its noble band,
 Till all shall own the Master,
 And work at His command.
Souls are drawing near the brink,
Made fearful by the love of drink;
 THEN, WHILE WE SING OUR TEMPER-
 ANCE SONG,
 WE'LL EVER WORK AND PRAY.
 WORK AND PRAY, &c.

147 Three cheers for our Banner !

Words by J. BONNER. Music by W. H. BONNER.

(By permission.)

With spirit.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system is marked 'With spirit.' and features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system is marked '(Last verse.)' and includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *fff* (fortississimo). The music concludes with a final chord.

1 **THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER !**
 O, long may it wave,
 The ensign of freedom and peace ;
 And long may it urge us our fellows to
 save,
 And gain for the drunkard release.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! HURRAH !

2 **THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER !** it
 telleth to all
 Our object is noble and pure ;
 If true to our colours we never shall
 fall,
 But firm to the end shall endure.
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !

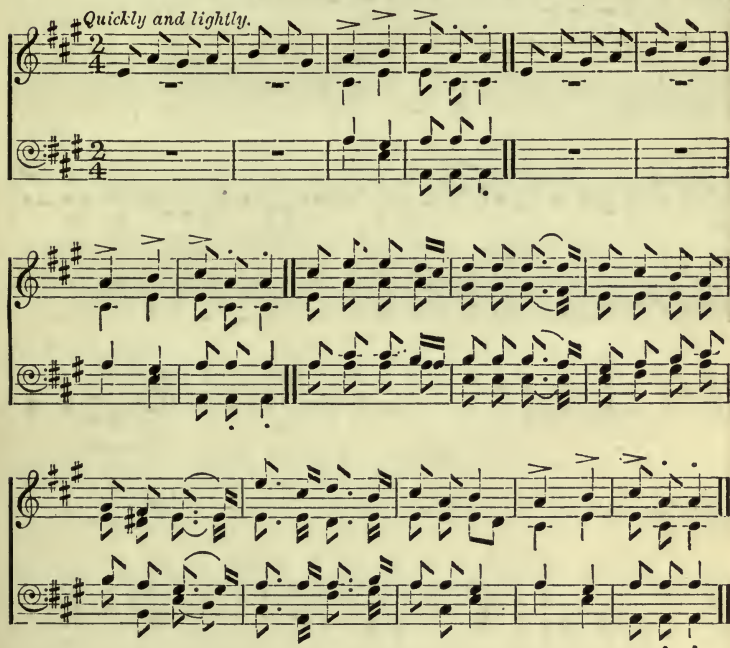
3 **THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER !**
 come friends one and all, [hand ;
 And aid us with heart and with
 Together we'll work, both the great
 and the small,
 A hopeful and true-hearted baud.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! HURRAH !

4 **THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER !**
THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BAND,
THREE CHEERS FOR THE PLEDGE WE
HAVE SIGNED ; [stand,
 May God grant us grace ever firmly to
 IN LOVE AND IN PURPOSE COMBINED.
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! HURRAH !

148 'Tis a lesson you should heed.

[TRY AGAIN.]

Words by JABEZ TUNNICLIFFE. Air,—“Duncan Gray.”



1 'TIS a lesson you should heed,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN ;
 If at first you don't succeed,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN :
 Duty's path is straight and clear,
 Trust in God, and persevere,
 On, abstainers ! never fear ;
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

2 Pass the word through street and lane,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN ;
 Young and old, let all abstain,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN ;
*Say what harm strong drink has done
 To father, mother, sister, son ;*
 WAKE AND RISE, LET EVERYONE
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

3 Little ones, come lead the way,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN ;
 Hour by hour and day by day,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN ;
 Tell each boy or girl you meet
 At home, at school, or in the street,
 We want them all, the foe to beat ;
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

4 Public-houses must be closed,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.
 Abstaining is the plan proposed,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.
 Oh, never enter them at all,
Lest like thousands you should fall ;
 Away with them, both great and small,
 TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

149 The Children, or the Drink ?

Words by A. J. FOXWELL. Air by E. G. B. HOLDER. Arranged by W. H. BONNER.
(From "Buy your own cherries." By permission.)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system includes the instruction 'Humming or Harmonium accompaniment, pp' for the piano part. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score includes a chorus section marked 'CHORUS.' and a final line of music with the lyrics 'think,—O mothers, stop, and think, Which do you love the best on earth, The children or the Drink?'.

- 1 WHEN Drink invades the peaceful home,
And poisons all its life,
'Tis not content alone to rob
The husband and the wife :
The little ones must suffer too ;
THEIR joys are put to rout ;
And when the spell begins to work,
The CHILDREN find it out.
O fathers, stop, &c.
- 2 The little stockings, boots, and shoes,
The toy, the top, the ball,
With every decent dress and hat,
The drunkard swallows all.

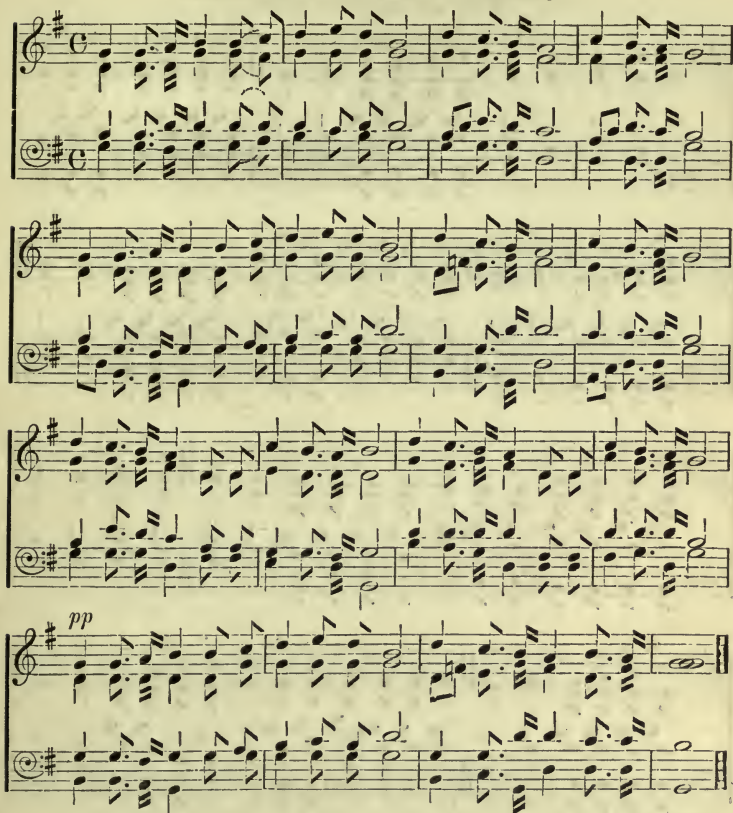
While he is wasting time and cash
In "drinks" of every sort,
To slake his ever-burning thirst,
The children's food runs short.
O fathers, stop, &c.

- 3 But only let the dreadful drink
Be banished far away,
THEN PLENTY WILL SUCCEED TO WANT,
AND NIGHT GIVE PLACE TO DAY :
Once more the merry children smile,
As joy again appears ;
While soon they happily forget
The woes of early years.
O fathers, stop, &c.

150

Touch not the cup.

Words by Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. Swiss melody.



1 **TOUCH** not the cup ; it is death to thy soul !

Touch not the cup, *touch not the cup ;*
Many I know who have quailed from the bowl ;

Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Little they thought that the demon was there ; [the snare ;
Blindly they drank, and were caught in
Then of that death-dealing bowl, O, be-ware !

TOUCH NOT THE CUP, touch it not.

2 Touch not the cup, O young man in thy pride !

Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died, [cup.

Touch not the cup, TOUCH NOT THE

*Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom ;
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom ;*

TOUCH NOT THE CUP, TOUCH IT NOT.

3 Touch not the cup, O drink not a drop ;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ; [stop ;

All that thou lovest entreat thee to
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
STOP FOR THE HOME THAT TO THEE IS SO DEAR ;

STOP FOR THE FRIENDS THAT TO THEE ARE SO NEAR ;

STOP FOR THY COUNTRY ; THE GOD THOU DOST FEAR ;

TOUCH NOT THE CUP, TOUCH IT NOT.

151

Try, John.

Words and Music by G. F. Root.



1 TRY, John, try, John, I will tell you
why, John :

He who battles what is bad, triumphs
by-and-bye, John.

If with all your powers you strive, with
your habits wrong, John,

While they daily weaker grow, you will
grow more strong. John.

TRY, JOHN, TRY, JOHN,

I will tell you why, John :

He who battles what is bad,

TRIUMPHS BY-AND BYE, JOHN.

2 TRY, JOHN, TRY, JOHN, *think of days
gone by, John ;*

Habits have been conquered oft, though
they thus defy, John :

*Mark their upward histories well, his-
tories stern and true, John,
Teaching you what you may be, if you'll
dare and do, John.*

TRY, JOHN, &c.

3 Try, John, try, John, *look with faith
on high, John ;*

You've a Father and a Friend, mighty,
loving, nigh, John ;

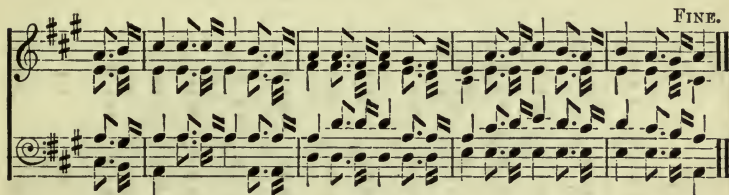
*Go and tell Him you repent of your
evil ways, John ;*

Pray for health and strength to live
WISER, BETTER DAYS, JOHN.

TRY, JOHN, &c.

152 Turn away, turn away.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 **T**URN away, turn away from the
bright drops that foam,
There are joys, brighter joys, that await
you at home,
Then be warned, O be warned, fly the ill
while you may,
From the death-dealing cup turn away,
TURN AWAY.

JOIN OUR RANKS, WHILE THE
BATTLE CRY [TORY.
SOUNDING LOUD, TELLS OF VIC-
TURN AWAY, &c.

*Will you blight every hope of affection
and truth?*

Hear the voice in your heart that im-
plores you to stay ; [TURN AWAY.
There is death in the cup, turn away
JOIN OUR RANKS, &c.

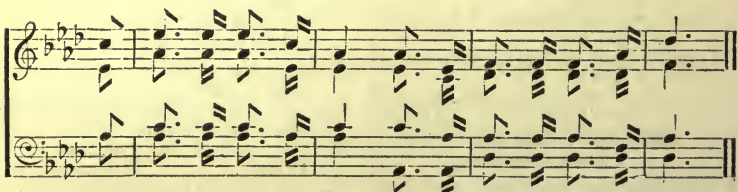
3 *Can you join in the song that is rude
and profane?*

*Can you smile at the draught that
bewilders the brain?*

Lo ! the Angel of Mercy entreats you
to stay ; [TURN AWAY.
There is death in the cup, turn away
JOIN OUR RANKS, &c. L

2 *Will you tear every link that has
hallowed your youth?*

153 We have to fight a foe.

Words by JOSEPH MALINS. (*By permission.*)*Bold and spirited.*



1 WE have to fight a foe, boys,
Of evil name and birth,
One "Alcohol," who would enslave
The noblest sons of earth ;
But now these sons of earth, boys,
With us together meet,
And all do now devoutly vow
To make this foe retreat.

Chorus.

We think not of a truce, boys,
Nor compromise with wrong ;
WE NEVER DOUBT THE ISSUE,
OUR FAITH IN GOD IS STRONG ;
Our faith in God is strong, boys,
We'll never know defeat ;
BUT BOLDLY FIGHT FOR TRUTH AND
RIGHT,
AND MAKE THE FOE RETREAT.

2 We know in every battle
Some useful lives are lost ;
But though our task is mighty,
We've counted up the cost ;
Yes, counted all the cost, boys,
And though it will be great,
We'll pay the bill, with right good will,
To make the foe retreat.

We think not, &c.

3 For life we have enlisted,
And free from doubt and fear,
We sight the hostile forces,
AND GIVE A HEARTY CHEER !
WE GIVE A RINGING CHEER, BOYS !
AND RUSH WITH FOOTSTEPS FLEET
UPON THE FOE WITH BLOW ON BLOW,
TO FORCE HIM TO RETREAT.

WE THINK NOT, &c.

154 We must work and pray.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Music by W. H. DOANE.

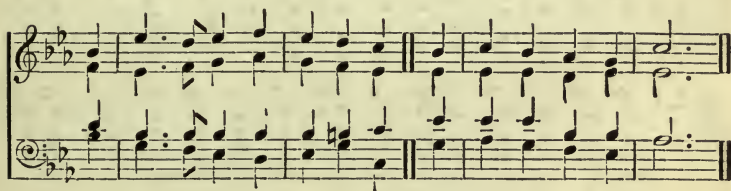
Bolily.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WE must work and pray together,
 WORKING, PRAYING FOR THE
 RIGHT;
 WE MUST FIGHT AGAINST THE EVIL,
 TILL WE CONQUER BY OUR MIGHT.</p> <p>We're strong to do, we're strong to
 dare,
 IN FAITH AND HOPE WE'RE STRONG;
 United thus in strength and prayer,
 WE'LL HELP THE CAUSE ALONG.</p> | <p>2 In defence of truth and justice,
 Like a bulwark we must stand,
 And the soul that's full of courage
 WILL GIVE COURAGE TO THE HAND.
 We're strong to do, &c.</p> <p>3 We must work, and not be weary,
 Though we conquer not to-day;
 For the rescue of our brothers,
 WE MUST WORK AS WELL AS PRAY,
 We're strong to do, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

155 We mourn the ruin.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. (By permission.) Irish Air,—“The Harp that once.”

Slowly.



- 1 WE mourn the ruin wrought by drink,
The souls in fetters bound :
Where'er its blighting curse has fall'n,
No happiness is found.
*We grieve for boyhood's early hours,
Eclipsed with bitter woe ;
For maiden's path bestrewn with flowers
That wither as they grow.*
- 2 *We mourn for widows' aching hearts
Bereft of human joy ;
For homes degraded and forlorn,
Where darkest evils cloy.
Deplore we, too, the fearful cost,
The crimes we hate and dread,*

The reputations stained and lost,
The blood that drink has shed.

(Much quicker time.)

- 3 RESOLVE WE NOW TO FREE OUR LAND
FROM DRINK'S DEVOURING FIRE ;
TO SHIELD THE YOUNG WE'LL BRAVELY
STAND,
AND NEVER FAINT NOR TIRE.
WE'LL RESCUE FROM THE LIQUID FLAME
THE SCARRED AND HELPLESS SOUL ;
WE'LL WIPE THE CURSE FROM BRI-
TAIN'S NAME,
AND SHATTER EVERY BOWL.

156 We're a happy Temperance band.

Words by KATE PYER. (Copyright.) Air,—“Rosa May.”


1. We're a hap - py Tem - prance Band,.... Of spi - rits young and bright, The
 2. What if our com - rades mock us, And our good work des - pise, We'll
 3. And as we tread the vale of life, To ear - ly pro - mise true, The

world is all be - fore us, It seems a fai - ry sight; But they
 meek - ly bear their taunts and jeers, And prove where wis - dom lies. 'Tis
 no - ble pur - pose of our heart, We'll earn - est - ly pur - sue. God

tell us there are dan - gers Which lead to sin and woe; The
 saf - er to pre - vent, than try An e - vil course to cure, So we'll
 keep us by His migh - ty power, In all things right and just, Brave,

drun - kard's path is one; God grant We ne'er its curse may know.
 NE - VER VEN - TURE NEAR THE DRINK, BUT KEEP OUR FOOT - ING SURE.
 hon - est, so - ber, thought - ful men, AND FAITH - FUL TO OUR TRUST.

WE'VE SIGNED THE PLEDGE, AND WILL NOT IT FOR - SAKE, No,

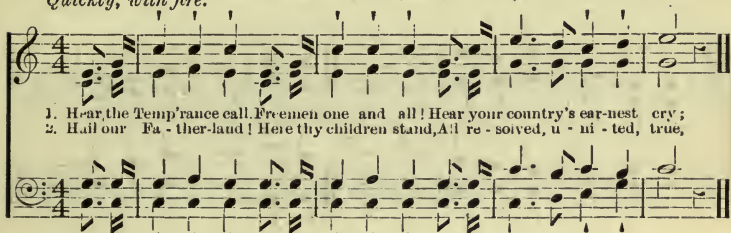


COME WHAT WILL, WE'LL KEEP IT STILL, OUR PLEDGE WE'LL NEVER BREAK.

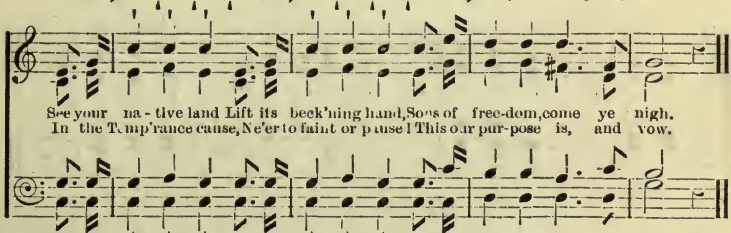
157 The Temperance call.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

Quickly, with fire.

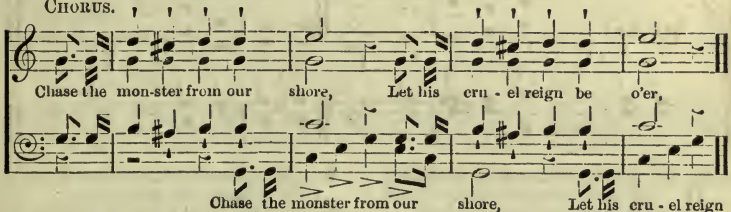


1. Hear the Temperance call, Freemen one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry;
2. Hail our Father-land! Here thy children stand, All resolved, united, true,

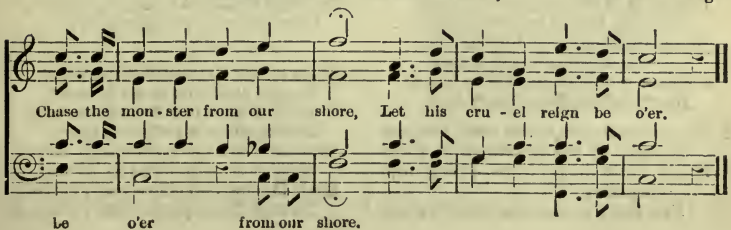


See your native land Lift its beck'ning hand, Sons of freedom, come ye nigh.
In the Temperance cause, Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is, and vow.

CHORUS.



Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cruel reign be o'er,
Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cruel reign



Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cruel reign be o'er.
Le o'er from our shore.

158 Who are we, in countless numbers.

[THE BAND OF HOPE ARMY.]

Words by Mrs. HANSON. (*By permission.*) Tune "Faben," by J. H. WILLCOX.

(Or may be sung to No. 85 or No. 138.)



1 WHO are we, in countless numbers,
 Marshall'd on life's battle plain,
 Lifting high our stainless banners,
 Chanting Hope's inspiring strain?
 In our ranks no armed battalions,
 No grim warriors' crests appear,
 Guileless youths and gentle maidens
 March to bloodless victory here.

2 Some from homes where strife and sad-
 Wrought by the unsparing foe, [ness,
 HAVE BEEN TURNED TO PEACE AND
 GLADNESS,
 FOR THEY'VE BID THE TEMPTER GO.

*Some from homes still dark and dreary,
 Held beneath his cruel sway,
 But they've rallied round our banner,
 HOPING FOR A BRIGHTER DAY.*

3 Scorn us not, ye worldly-wise ones,
 'Though amid our ranks ye meet,
Bearing Hope's fair banner onward,
 'Tiny hands and pattering feet;
 Hath not God the weak things chosen
 Ofttimes to confound the strong?
 Hath He not His praise made perfect,
 'Through the lisping infant's tongue?

159 Great God of nations.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Tune "Allhallows," by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN. (*By permission.*)



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 GREAT God of nations, Sov'reign
 I We worship Thee as King ; [Lord,
 With grateful hearts and glad accord
 Our festive song we sing.
 Thy help, Thy light, Thy grace afford,
 Accept the praise we bring.</p> | <p>3 We thank Thee for the wise and good
 Enrolled upon our side ;
 For heroes who have bravely stood
 Their ground and stemmed the tide ;
 With courage, faith, and hope endured,
 Their life-work shall abide.</p> |
| <p>2 For all the tokens of Thy love
 Eternal thanks we owe ;
 When weak and few, our fathers strove
 Strong drink to overthrow ;
 Invincible we yet shall prove,
 And crush our mighty foe.</p> | <p>4 We pray for grace the young to shield,
 In ev'ry evil hour :
 Pledged in our noble cause to wield
 'Gainst drink a mighty power.
 We vow afresh we ne'er will yield,
 Our standard never lower.</p> |
| <p>5 Blessed with Thy help, in future days,
 We shall not toil in vain ;
 The young will walk in wisdom's ways,
 The drunkard lose his chain :
 THEN EARTH SHALL ECHO WITH THY PRAISE,
 PEACE UNIVERSAL REIGN.</p> | |

160

Guarded and Guided.

Welsh Air.

Brightly.

1. In life's chang-ing sea-sons, in glad-ness and tears ; In the days of our
2. Should life's chang-es tear us from kin-dred and home, And the wild o-cean

child-hood, thro' life's ear-ly years ; What-e'er may re-tard us, who-bear
us in far lands to roam ; E'en o'er the broad wa-ters, we'll

-e'er may de-ride, Fair Tem-p'rance shall guard us, Re-li-gion shall
no-bly de-cide That Tem-p'rance shall guard us, Re-li-gion shall

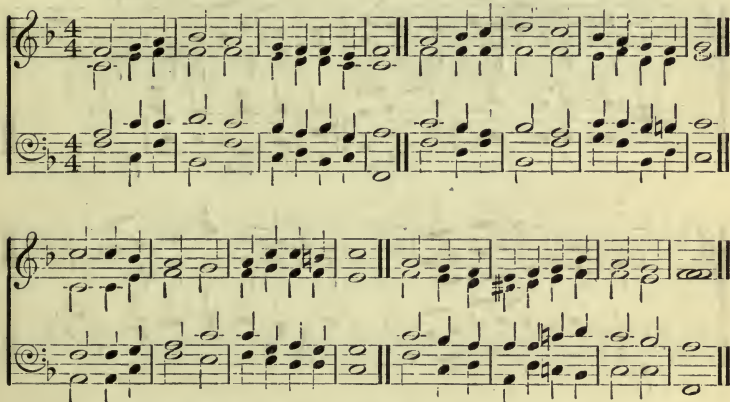
guide. Temp-ta-tion and sad-ness may come in their pow'r ; The
guide. When time with its sor-row and joy we re-sign, To

bright days of glad-ness, or sor-row's dark hour ; Tho' health be de-barr'd us, and
wel-come a mor-row which ne'er shall de-cline ; To life's clos-ing sto-ry shall



161 Work and watch, praise and pray.

Words by FREDK. SHERLOCK (*by permission*). Tune "Toulon," by C GOUDIMEL.



- 1 **WE** THANK THEE LORD, FOR GLORIOUS SOULS OF OLD,
WHO LIVED TO LOVE AND SERVE OUR NATIVE LAND ;
O FILL OUR HEARTS WITH EQUAL PURPOSE BOLD
IN OUR APPOINTED PLACES EACH TO STAND.
- 2 We thank Thee, Lord for victories in the past,
Thy hand hath blessed the work through all the days.
O give us grace that we, still holding fast,
MAY humbly watch and pray, MAY WORK AND PRAISE.
- 3 *Without Thine aid our feeble efforts fail,*
We sow in vain our labours spend for nought ;
Bless Thon the work, till every hill and dale
SHALL OWN THE MIGHTY THINGS OUR GOD HATH WROUGHT.
- 4 We thank Thee, Lord, the children's loving Friend !
At Thy command we train the young for Thee ;
On them and us Thy Holy Spirit send,
Speak to us, "Son and daughter, work for Me."
- 5 We come, O Lord, accept us in Thy love,
We would be used, O turn us not away ;
So humbly serving, as Thine hosts above,
WE ALL MAY WORK AND WATCH, MAY PRAISE AND PRAY !

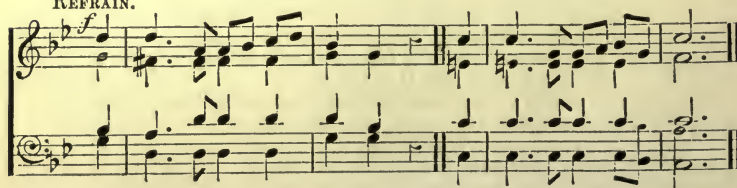
162 The Temperance Children.

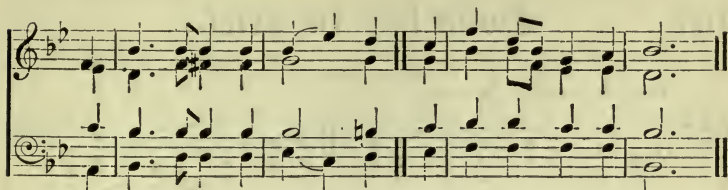
Words by M. S. HAYCRAFT.

Music by ARTHUR J. JAMOUMEAU.

Con spirito. ♩ = 120.

REFRAIN.





1 **O**H, we're the Temperance Children,
The happy and the free !
For ever and for ever
Abstainers all are we.
Yes, we have signed the promise
To keep from drink afar,
And, whatso'er the future,
A Temperance band we are !
Oh, we're the Temperance, &c.

Strong drink shall not ensnare us,
For one and all agree,
For ever and for ever,
We'll stand among the free !
Oh, we're the Temperance, &c.

2 Strong drink shall ne'er deceive us,
We know it holds a sting ;
We know it is a mocker,
A cruel, hurtful thing.

3 Oh, we're the Temperance Children !
Now, won't you lend a hand,
And by your own example
Help on our gladsome band ?
Come, join the Temperance battle,
And win the noble strife !
Stand out as an abstainer,
Be faithful all your life !
Oh, we're the Temperance, &c.

163

Free ! free ! free !

Music by G. F. Root, harmonized by E. V. (by permission).

With energy.



1 **F**REE ! free ! free ! Shall all our country
be,
Without the drunkard's galling chain,
Without reproach, without a stain :
We'll shout from sea to sea,
Free ! for ever free !

2 Free ! free ! free ! Our speech shall ever
be,
Far as earth's waters run and ring,
Far as the wild birds soar and sing :
We'll shout from sea to sea,
Free ! for ever free !

3 Free ! free ! free ! Our thoughts shall ever be,
Yes, freer yet with every year,
What man may dare, a heart holds dear :
We'll shout from sea to sea,
Free ! for ever free !

164

Good-bye to grief.

Words by Mrs. M. S. HAYCRAFT. Scottish Air, "Ye banks and braes." Harmonized by
W. H. BONNER.

Andante cantabile. ♩ = 108.



CHORUS.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 GOOD-BYE to grief, good-bye to tears,
For father's on the Temperance side;
Good-bye to trouble and to fears,
Oh, let the tidings echo wide.
Oh, say to all, whate'er befall,
You'll stronger, better, brighter be,
If you'll obey the Temperance call,
And join the army of the free!</p> <p>2 <i>Upon our home the shadows fell,
And dark and drear were heart and
mind;</i>
But oh, what joy the news to tell!
OUR FATHER DEAR THE PLEDGE HAS
Oh, say to all, &c. [SIGNED.]</p> | <p>3 No more, no more we'll weep and sigh,
No more shall drink our loved one
chain;
For Temperance bringeth blessing nigh,
And home will be "Sweet Home"
again.
Oh, say to all, &c.</p> <p>4 Then friends and neighbours loved and
dear,
The children's pleading hear to-day!
Come, sign the pledge of Freedom
here,
And start upon the Temperance way.
Oh, say to all, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

165 **Battling with the foe.**Words by W. J. HARVEY. (*By permission.*) Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

In the bat-tle-strife of a no-ble life We will face the foe be-fore us;

We've no cause to fear with our Captain near, And His ban-ner wav-ing o'er us.

FINE.

If we seek for strength it will come at length, And to valiant deeds will nerve us,

In the thickest fight on the side of right He will lov-ing-ly pre-serve us.

D.C. al fine.

- 2 'Tis the drink's dire power we'll assail each
For his victims fall unceasing; [hour,
'Tis the young and brave we would seek to
Speedily our ranks increasing. [save,
In this fiery snare oft the pure and fair
Are en-raptured that he may slay them;
From his murderous hands we would snatch
the brands—
From despair and death we'll stay them.
In the battl-e-strife, &c.
- 3 To the depths of woe we will bravely go,
To restore to wife and mother
Every outcast one—be it husband, son;
And we'll raise our fallen brother.

We will cheer the sad with our music glad,
We will heal the broken-hearted;
We will dry the tears and dispel the fears
Of the friends whom drink hath parted.
In the battle-strife, &c.

- 4 In this grand crusade we shall need the aid
Of the strong, the wise, and holy;
We will seek the 1st and the 1000th-tossed
All can help, though weak and lowly.
We will look above for the might of love,
Not e'en scorn or danger heeding;
We shall be repaid, if by timely aid
We can save the bruised and bleeding.
In the battle-strife, &c.

166 Do the work that lies around you.

Words by ELLA WHEELER. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

1. If the far-mer, in the springtime, Sighed "I wish my seed were sown,"—

The first system of the hymn features a vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff with chords and single notes.

Ne- ver raised his hand in la- bour, But just sat him down to moan,—

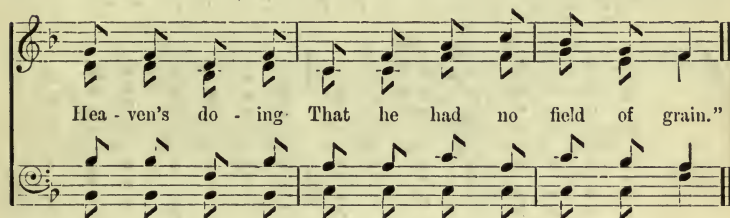
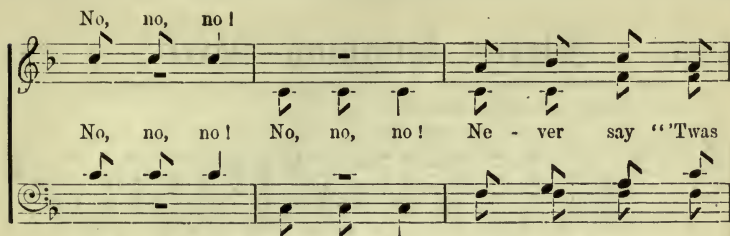
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a similar rhythmic pattern, with a quarter rest at the beginning. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

Should you won-der if the sum-mer Found no har-vest on the plain?

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line includes a sharp sign for the key signature change to A major. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

Should you say "'Twas Heaven's do-ing That he had no field of grain"?

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The vocal line ends with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic setting.



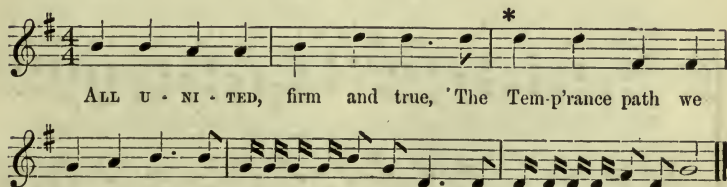
2 If the woodman, in the forest,
Sighed, "I wish these trees were down,"
And then spent the time in pleasure
Till the green leaves turned to brown,—
Should you marvel if the labour
Seemed progressing rather slow?
Should you say that "Heaven willed it,
And the thing would never go"?
No, no, no! Never say that "Heaven
willed it,
And the thing would never go."

3 Then, O Temperance men and women,
If our cause moves slow to-day,
Will it help the matter any
To sit down and *wish*, I pray?
Cast your seed, then look for harvest,
Thin the army of the foe;
Do the work that lies around you,
And the cause won't move so slow.
No, no, no! Do THE WORK THAT LIES
AROUND YOU,
AND THE CAUSE WON'T MOVE SO SLOW.

167 All united. (Round.)

Three parts.

Music by A. L. COWLEY.



will pur - sue ; And merrily we'll raise our song, As stead-i-ly we march a-long.

168 Merry, laughing water!

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. Music by ABSALOM ALLEN. (By permission.)

Semi-staccato; quickly and brightly.

1. Mer - ry, laugh - ing, spark - ling wa - ter, Down the hill - side, flow - ing free;

Mak - ing all so bright and hap - py In the vale and on the lea!

CHORUS.

How I love thee, Spark - ling wa - ter— Pur - est, pur - est drink for me!

Mer - ry, laugh - ing, spark - ling wa - ter, Down the hill - side flow - ing free! Oh,

how I love thee, Mer - ry, laugh - ing, Merry, merry, merry, merry, sparkling water! Mer - ry, laugh - ing, sparkling water!

Merry, merry, merry, merry, *cres. e rall.*

Mer - ry, laugh - ing, spark - ling wa - ter, Down the hill - side flow - ing free !

2 Who would drain the flowing goblet,
Running o'er with ruby wine ?
Better far to pledge our friendship
In those cooling drops of thine.
How I love thee, &c.

3 See the bird his pinions laving
In thy stream so glad and free ;

Though he fills the air with music,
He would languish but for thee.
How I love thee, &c.

4 From the river or the fountain,
From the brooklet or the rill,
Merry, laughing, sparkling water—
Thou art welcome, welcome still !
How I love thee, &c.

169

Festal Hymn

Words by CHARLES WAKELY. Tune "St. Alphege," by H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1 TO Thee, whose love hath guided,
Whose arm hath been our stay,
We lift our grateful voices,
On this our festal day.

2 We come with thanks, confessing
In our triumphal song,
That Thou hast crowned with blessing
And made our army strong.

3 O, keep our ranks united
In abstinence and truth ;
Our joy to raise the fallen,
To guide the steps of youth.

4 Still may our hosts advancing,
Endued with Thy great might,
PRESS ON IN FAITH UNFALTRING
'TILL VICT'RY CROWN THE FIGHT.

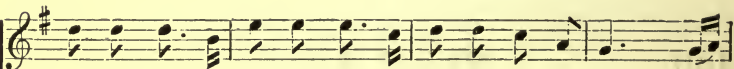
170 We love to boast our freedom.

Tune "The Mermaid." Arranged by Rev. W. J. M. COOMBS.

SOLO, OR UNISON.



1. We love to boast our free-dom, We love to flaunt our power, And
 2. But we're re-solved to con-quer, We've giv'n him many a blow, And
 3. God send the speed-y an-swer To this our frequent prayer, Let



- say be-fore a for-eign foe We've nev-er had to cower. But
 Bands of Hope, we're prond to say, Have wound-ed this our foe. Our
 Bri-tain's right-eous-ness be known, On sea, and ev-'ry-where. To



- there's a foe a-mongst us That we have harbour'd long, And while that foe un-
 coun-try now has wa-ken'd, And some day she'll be free, And then this song we
 shake strong drink's dominion, And set its cap-tives free, May Power Divine give



CHORUS.

- conquered is How can we sing this song?
love to sing An hon-est boast will be. } Rule, Brit-an-nia. Brit-
us the pow'r, That our glad song may be—

- an-nia rules the waves, Bri-tons never, never, ne-ver shall be slaves!

171 Ever be earnest. (Round.)

Four parts.

Music by A. L. COWLEY.

Ever be earn-est, E-ver be true; Al-ways en-dea-vour Some good work to do.

172 If a weary task. (Round.)

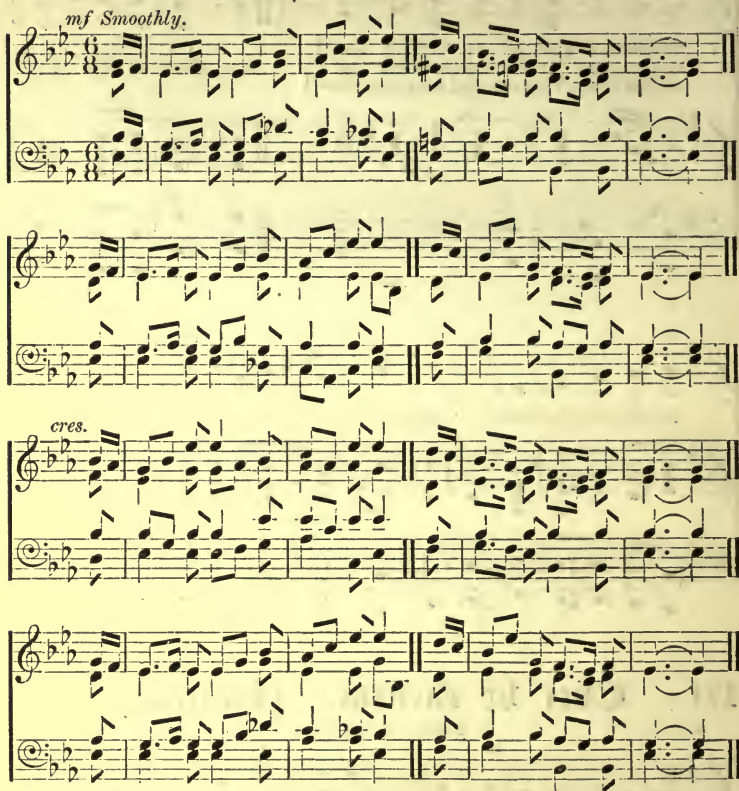
Three parts.

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

If a wea-ry task you find it, Per-se-vere and
ne-ver mind it, NE-VER, NE-VER MIND IT, Ne-ver, ne-ver mind it.

173 A New Year's greeting.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Irish Air.

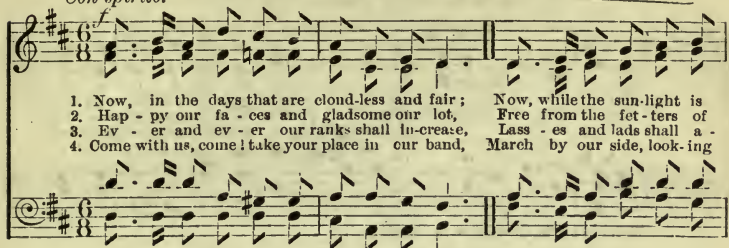


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 WITH song we'll greet the glad New Year,
While joy-bells sweetly ring;
With grateful hearts to God draw near,
To Him our praise we'll bring.
We'll praise Him for His guiding hand,
For father mercies giv'n,
For grace, temptations to withstand,
For help and strength from Heav'n.</p> | <p>3 Smile Thou upon our Bands of Hope—
The pledge of brighter days;
And help the young strong drink to shun,
And walk in wisdom's ways.
Let Temperance men and Christians too
Harmoniously unite
To aid the cause with speech and pen:
And God defend the right!</p> |
| <p>2 Oh! bless the Temperance cause, we pray,
Throughout the coming year;
Fresh victories may it win each day
Till vice shall disappear.
Crown every effort with success,
Preserve the rising race,
Arrest the tide of drunkenness,
Our country's guilt efface.</p> | <p>4 Our hands are weak, be Thou our
Preserve us, lest we fall; [strength;
We'll overcome our foes at length,
Through Thee, our All in All.
Ere long drink's legions shall disband,
With all their sin and shame;
And then we'll win for our dear land
A bright and honoured name.</p> |

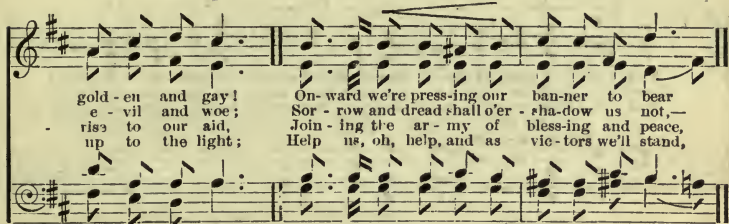
174 Song of the Band of Hope.

Words by Mrs. M. S. HAYCRAFT. Music by ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

Con spirito.

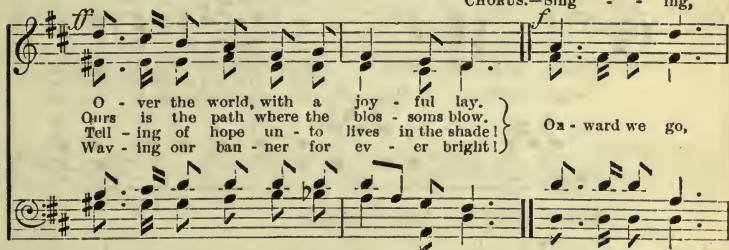


1. Now, in the days that are cloud-less and fair; Now, while the sun-light is
2. Hap - py our fa - ces and glad some our lot, Free from the fet - ters of
3. Ev - er and ev - er our ranks shall in - crease, Lass - es and lads shall a -
4. Come with us, come! take your place in our band, March by our side, look - ing



gold - en and gay! On - ward we're press - ing our ban - ner to bear
e - vil and woe; Sor - row and dread shall o'er - shadow us not,
ris - e to our aid, Join - ing the ar - my of bless - ing and peace,
up to the light; Help us, oh, help, and as vic - tors we'll stand,

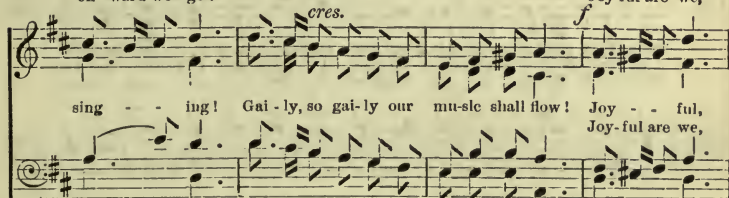
CHORUS.—Sing - - ing,



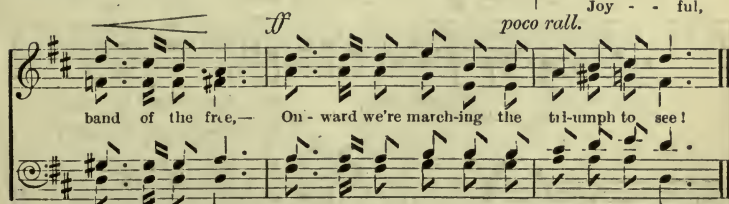
O - ver the world, with a joy - ful lay.
Ours is the path where the blos - soms blow. } On - ward we go,
Tell - ing of hope un - to lives in the shade!
Wav - ing our ban - ner for ev - er bright!

on - ward we go!

Joy - ful are we,



sing - - ing! Gai - ly, so gai - ly our mu - sic shall flow! Joy - - ful,
Joy - ful are we,
Joy - - ful,



band of the free,— On - ward we're march - ing the tri - umph to see!

175

Sign to-night!

Words by W. W. DOWNS. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

Sign to - night, Sign to - night, { 1. Why stand ye lon - ger wait - ing?
2. Ere fa - tal chains have bound you,
3. A mil - lion hearts are plead - ing,

Sign to - night, O sign to - night,

The book is here, with - in your reach, Why lin - ger hes - i - ta - ting?
Come sign the de - clar - a - tion now, Come seat - ter joy a - round you.
And fa - thers, mo - thers, chil - dren too, For you are in - ter - ce - ding.

Sign to - night, Sign to - night, Your heart will be the light - er,
Be - hold the work of sor - row;
Sign to - night, Sign to - night, In the dear name of Je - sus,

Sign to - night, Sign to - night,

cres.
'Twill cheer and com - fort oth - ers too, And make your path the bright - er.
A mil - lion homes are de - so - late, O WAIT NOT FOR THE MOR - ROW.
Who spent His life in do - ing good, And died that He might save us,

p Sign to - night, *p* Sign to - night, *cres.* O sign, sign to - night!
Sign to - night, Sign to - night, O sign, sign to - night!

176

Sign the pledge.

Words by Mrs. M. S. HAYCRAFT. Music by CHARLES NIXON.

Briskly. mf

1. Come, stand brave - ly for - ward, Fear - less stand and free;
2. Sign for sake of oth - ers, By the drink brought low;

Sign the pledge of Tem - p'rance, Ev - er faith - ful be;
Sis - ter hearts and bro - thers, L'ft them up from woe;

Now in stead - fast pur - pose, This the pro - mise take,
Not for threat or jest - ing Break this pledge of thine,

Now let zeal and cour - age In thy heart a - wake,
Pray for grace to keep it By the strength di - vine,

Now let zeal and cour - age In thy heart a - wake,
Pray for grace to keep it By the strength di - vine.

177 Up with the Standard!

Words by CHARLES WAKELY. Music by J. R. SWENEY.

With vigour.



1 UP with the Standard! Away to the foe!

Joyful and strong; marching along;
Shoulder to shoulder to battle we go,

True to our country's call.

Woe to the tyrant that curses our land,
Britain's young legions his power shall withstand.

See, how we gather—a conquering band,
“UP WITH THE FLAG, AND AWAY.”

2 Girding the armour, and buckling the sword,

Feet firmly shod; trusting in God;
Forward we go in the strength of the Lord,

Sure that our cause must prevail.

Proudly our banner floats high in the air,
Telling of hope to the sons of despair.

Come, brothers, join us, our victory share.

“UP WITH THE FLAG, AND AWAY.”

3 Lord God of battles, O hear us, we pray—

Strengthen our band; help us to
Save from the perils that darken our way,
Lead to the Promised Land.

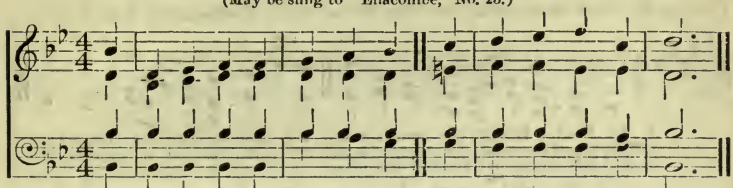
Give to us FAITH till the conflict is o'er;
HOPE to sustain us, and LOVE to endure;
Then 'neath Thy banner, we'll seek the
bright shore,

“UP WITH THE FLAG, AND AWAY.”

178

God defend the right.

Words by L. M. WADE. Tune "Filius Dei," by A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bac. (*By permission.*)
(May be sung to "Ellacombe," No. 23.)



1 IN days of old, when valiant knights
Went forth in armour strong,
To battle for the people's rights,
And put down cruel wrong,
They met their foemen face to face,
And high above the fight
Rang out the cry through all the place,
"May God defend the right."

2 Once bands of children bravely caught,
The spirit of those times,
And thousands were together brought,
To march to distant climes.
The Holy Sepulchre was then
In heathen grasp retained;
The children thought by them, not men,
It was to be regained.

3 We, too, have foes that hem us round,
And sore oppress the land;
Wrongs to set right, wherever found;
Temptations to withstand.
*But worst of all, the demon Drink,
Who blights the hearth and home,
Drives tens of thousands to the brink
Of shame and early doom.*

4 Join with us then to fight this foe,
And sweep him from the earth;
Help us to lay the tempter low,
And give his slaves "new birth."
The struggle may be sharp and long
To break his giant might,
BUT FALTER NOT, FIGHT ON; FIGHT ON!
AND "GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT"!

179

The Warrior band.

Words by Rev. R. MAGUIRE, M.A. Air "The Minstrel Boy." Harmonised by ROSA BÖNNER.

1. The Band of Hope to the war is gone, The ranks of death are round them,
 2. Their hearts were glad, and their voices high Thro' all the land re - sound - ed,
 3. And God look'd down and heard their pray'r, And bade them fight still long - er ;

The Temp'rance Sword they have girded on, Their plight-ed word hath bound them ;
 And Peace and Pleu-teous - ness drew nigh, And Hope and Joy a - bound - ed.
 The youth-ful band spread ev'-ry-where, The Cause grew strong and strong - er ;

"Dear Fatherland," says the youth-ful band, "Tho' drink's sad curse be - trays thee,
 They sang, "No chain, no sin - gle link, Shall bind us to sur - ren - der;
 O God, of Thee we hum - bly pray, The bonds of Drink to sev - er,

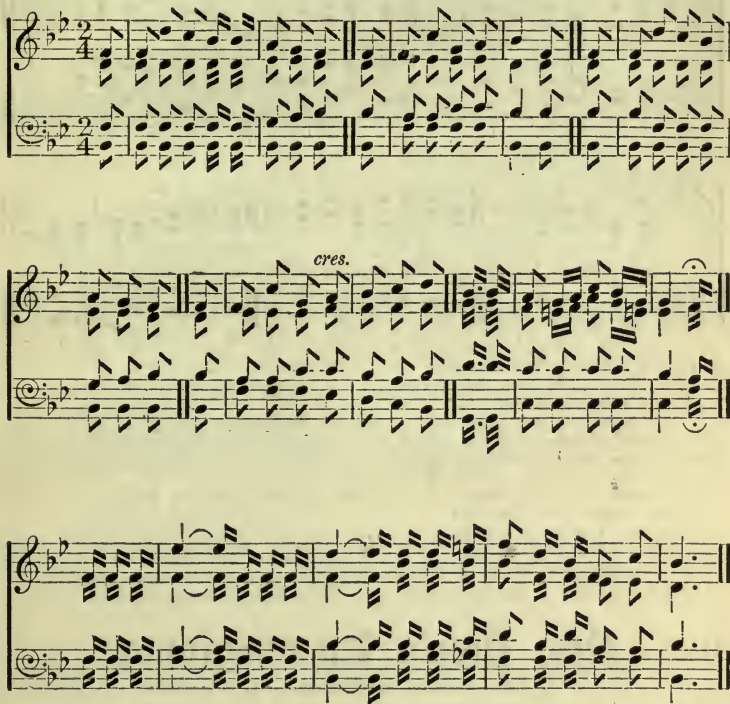
De - fend - ers of thy rights we stand, Our youthful voic-es praise thee!"
 Our land, we pray, from the curse of drink, O God, our God, de - fend her!"
 THAT SOON MAY DAWN THE WISH'D-FOR DAY, AND FREE THE LAND FOR EV - ER!

180

Begin at once.

Words by FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Music by LABAN SOLOMON (*by permission*).



1 **B**EGIN at once ! in the pleasant days,
 While we are all together,
 While we can join in prayer and praise,
 While we can meet for healthful plays,
 In the glow of summer weather.
 Begin at once, with heart and hand,
 And swell the ranks of our happy band.

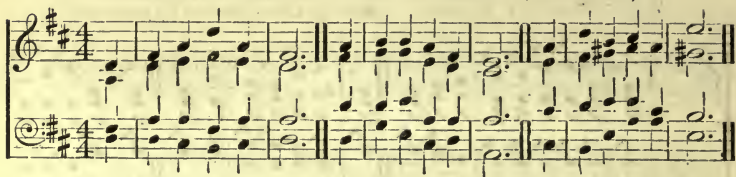
2 Begin at once ! for we do not know
 What may befall to-morrow ;
 Many a tempter, many a foe,
 Lieth in wait where'er you go,
 With the snare that leads to sorrow.
 Begin at once ! nor doubting stand,
 But swel' the ranks of our happy band.

3 Begin at once ; there is much to do ;
 O do not wait for others !
 Join us to-day, be brave and true !
 Join us to-day, there's room for you,
 And a welcome from your brothers.
 Begin at once, the work is grand
 That God hath given our happy band.

4 Begin at once ! in the strength of God,
 For that will never fail you !
 Under His banner bright and broad,
 You shall be safe from fear and fraud,
 And from all that can assail you.
 Begin at once with resolute stand,
 And swell the ranks of our happy band.

181 A Hymn of Thanksgiving.

Words by FREDK. SHERLOCK. Tune "Old 148th." (Or to No. 182.)



1 GOD, who in boundless ways
Man's varied work doth bless,
Accept the song of praise
Our grateful hearts express ;
For ground prepared, for work begun,
For harvests reaped, for vict'ries won.

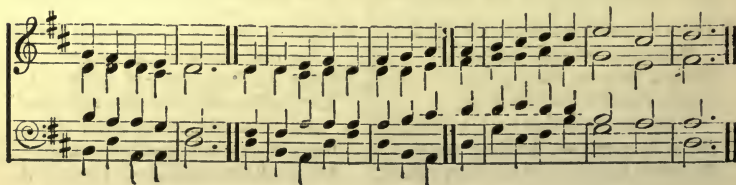
2 We praise Thy Holy Name
For earnest souls and true,
Who, scorning fear and shame,
Were bold to dare and do ;
Who saved the youth of our dear land,
And led them forth a ransomed band.

3 Inflame our zeal anew,
Inspire our souls with love,
Pour down the gracious dew,
Baptize us from above ;
Lord let us self-forgetting be,
And find our joy in serving Thee.

4 Let old and young unite,
Let rich and poor combine,
To work with all their might,
In one unbroken line ;
To bring to earth that golden day,
When tears and sighs shall flee away.

182 New Year's Thanksgiving.

Words by JUDSON BONNER. Tune "Adoration." (Or to No. 181.)



1 NOW join we all to raise
Our grateful New Year song ;
The God of power we praise,
Whose arm has made us strong.
For triumphs won in days gone by
WE GIVE THEE THANKS, O LORD MOST
HIGH !

2 Pledged in our noble band
'Gainst alcohol to fight,
Millions of children stand,
With hopes and prospects bright.
For young lives saved in days gone by
WE GIVE THEE THANKS, O LORD MOST
HIGH !

3 In homes once dark and sad
The light of hope now gleams ;
Despondent hearts are glad
Beneath love's cheering beams.

For homes made bright in days gone by
WE GIVE THEE THANKS, O LORD MOST
HIGH !

4 Strong men and women fair,
Once plunged in guilt and shame,
Now lift to Thee their prayer,
And reverence Thy name,
For wanderers found in days gone by
WE GIVE THEE THANKS, O LORD MOST
HIGH !

5 Thy mercies without end
Rebuke all doubt and fear ;
Oh, be our Guide and Friend
Through every changing year !
As Thou hast blessed in days gone by,
WE'LL TRUST THEE STILL, O LORD
MOST HIGH !

183 A Hymn of Gratitude and Hope.

Words by ROWLAND HILL. Tune "St. Oswald," by Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



1 THOU hast led us, Heav'nly Father,
All the years through which we've
come,
And we sing Thy mercies ever,
Marching to our heav'nly home.

2 Thou hast never failed a moment,
Ne'er withdrawn Thy loving hand ;
Richly blessed our sacred movement,
That is sweeping o'er the land.

3 Thinking now of all Thy mercy,
And Thy never-failing care,
We would bring our heart-felt praises,
And present our humble prayer.

4 May we always love and trust Thee,
Learn to keep Thy sacred laws ;
E'er avoid the drink that's fatal,
Ever help the Temperance cause.

5 With our hearts now full of gladness
We would march forth to the fight ;
Strive to free Thy world from sadness,
Standing boldly for the Right.

184 Temperance, Peace, and Liberty.

Music by G. F. ROOT.



1 O H, while we're blessed with health
and strength,
Let's live as all men should ;
And always lend a helping hand,
To aid the public good.
And let us ever try to keep
Our conscience pure and free,
And gaily sing of Temperance,
Of Peace and Liberty.

2 In all that's right we'll take delight,
And hate whate'er is wrong ;
And every good and righteous cause
We'll help to push along ;

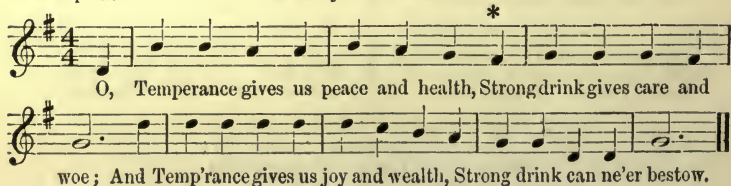
Thus with the truly good and great
We'll work in harmony,
And gaily sing of Temperance,
Of Peace and Liberty.

3 And so in love and sympathy
We'll spend our youthful days,
And in the songs of Temperance
Our cheerful voices raise.
We'll plead the cause where'er we go,
Which sets the drunkard free,
And gaily sing of Temperance,
Of Peace and Liberty.

185 O, Temperance gives us. (Round.)

Four parts.

Music by A. L. COWLEY.



186

Lend a hand!

Words by W. G. TARRANT. Music by W. J. NOEL. (*Inserted by permission.*)



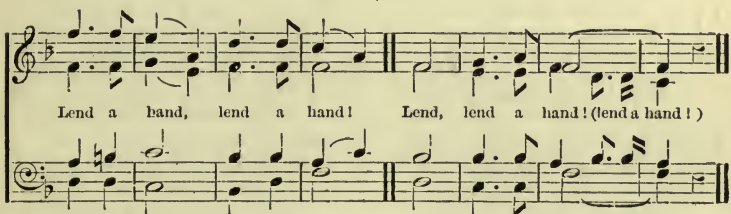
1. Lend a hand! lend a hand! (lend a hand!) Fight for home and fa-ther - land;



Join the ar - my of the brave; (Lend a hand!) Hold your own and oth - ers save.



Thou - sands need you, sink - ing, fall - ing; Hear ye not their voi - ces call - ing?



Lend a hand, lend a hand! Lend, lend a hand! (lend a hand!)

2 Lend a hand! lend a hand!
 Help to free the fatherland;
 Free it from enslaving chains,
 Wasteful ways and needless pains;
 Help to make your country's story
 Full of beauty, full of glory:
 Lend a hand!

3 Lend a hand! lend a hand!
 Bless your own and every land;
 Give your best to aid mankind—
 Best in body, best in mind:
 Pure and wise and happy living
 Is the finest form of giving:
 Lend a hand!

187

Up! to work.

Words by Mrs. L. SHOREY. Tune "Irby," by H. J. GAUNTLETT.

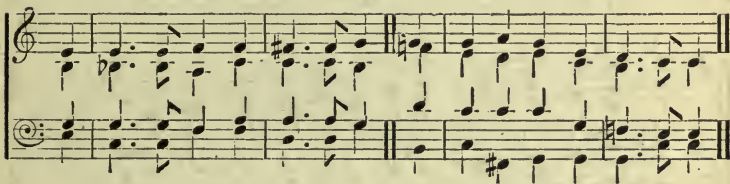


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 UP! to work! The Master calls you
 To the harvest fields away,
 They are ready for the reaping;
 Up, and reap them, don't delay.
 Hark! it is the Master's voice;
 In His work you should rejoice.</p> | <p>3 <i>There are many bowed in sorrow,
 Needing much a cheering word;
 Do not leave it yet unspoken:
 Take a message from the Lord.
 Wipe the tears from weeping eyes,
 Point them upward to the skies.</i></p> |
| <p>2 <i>Soon will come the storms of winter,
 Blinding snow and nipping frost;
 And the grain you should have gathered
 Will be wasted—will be lost.
 Up! to work then, don't delay!
 When the Master calls—obey.</i></p> | <p>4 <i>There are feeble little children
 Trembling 'neath the curse of drink,
 Up, and save them! do not linger!
 They are on destruction's brink,
 To the Master's call give heed,
 Go to them in all their need.</i></p> |
- 5 Lift your eyes and look around you,
 See the fields already white!
 Do not hesitate a moment;
 Hasten! while the sun is bright.
 DO NOT LINGER! DO NOT WAIT!
 BY-AND-BYE WILL BE TOO LATE.

188

A song of praise.

Wor's by MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. (*By permission.*) Tune 'Melita,' by Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1 **W**E sing a song of praise to-day,
For battles fought and victories won,
For strength vouchsafed upon our way,
And noble work our cause has done ;
For joy that cometh after tears,
And harvest reaped thro' many years.

2 The God of Love we praise and bless,
For lives endangered that are saved,
For homes no longer comfortless,
For strong, true hearts that ill have braved,
And for devoted lives well given
To works of mercy and to Heaven.

3 We bless the Christ, the children's Friend,
For thousands in the hopeful bands,
Who will the Temperance cause defend
With youthful vigour in all lands,
And live through coming years to prove
What conquests may be gained by love !

4 Much yet remains, O God of Grace,
Pity the drunkards and their homes !
Send sunshine to each darkened place,
And hope where each poor creature roams—
Till all the world shall sober be,
And spend all life in serving Thee.

189

Temperance Heroes.

Words by JUDSON BONNER. Hungarian National Air, by FRANCIS ERKEL.



1 PIONEERS of truth and light,
 Vet'rans, who with error fought,
 Struggling hard the wrong to right,
 Breaking fetters Drink had wrought:
 These the men whose praise we sing,
 Grateful for their work so grand.
 LET THEIR STORY SWELL THE GLORY
 OF OUR FATHERLAND!

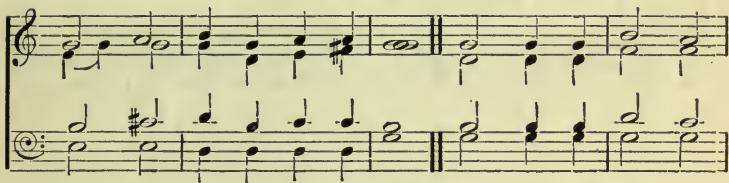
2 Followers of these honoured sires
 Now the conflict nobly lead,
 Faith and hope each heart inspires,
 Love and zeal their courage feed.
 Seeking neither gold nor fame,
 BOLDLY FOR THE TRUTH THEY STAND,
 DAUNTED NEVER, TOILING EVER
 FOR OUR FATHERLAND.

3 When these heroes pass away,
 We will follow in their train;
 Nobler deeds shall crown our day,
 Grandeur vict'ries we will gain!
 YOUNG, BUT HOPEFUL, ON WE'LL PRESS,
 TRUSTING IN GOD'S MIGHTY HAND;
 DRINK DEFYING! LIVING, DYING,
 FOR OUR FATHERLAND!

V.—CLOSING HYMNS AND SONGS.

190

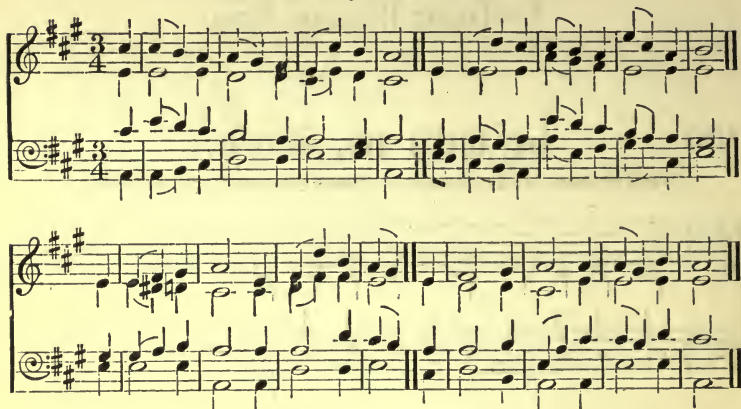
Be with us, Lord.

Words by JAMES SMITH (*by permission*). Tune "Hellespont," (Or to No. 161.)

- 1 **B**E with us, Lord, as from this place we go,
To meet the mighty hosts of sin and woe;
Vouchsafe Thine aid, for strength divine we need,
And in Thy mercy deign our souls to lead.
- 2 Be our defence in fierce temptation's hour;
Be Thou our light when dark'ning tempests lower;
Inspire our tongues, the Temp'rance truth to spread,
And courage give when dangerous paths we tread.
- 3 Instil in us, O Lord, such fear of shame,
That none shall e'er disgrace a worthy name;
Give power to all the poisoned cup to shun,
And may each life proclaim a vict'ry won.

191 Come, friends of Temperance.

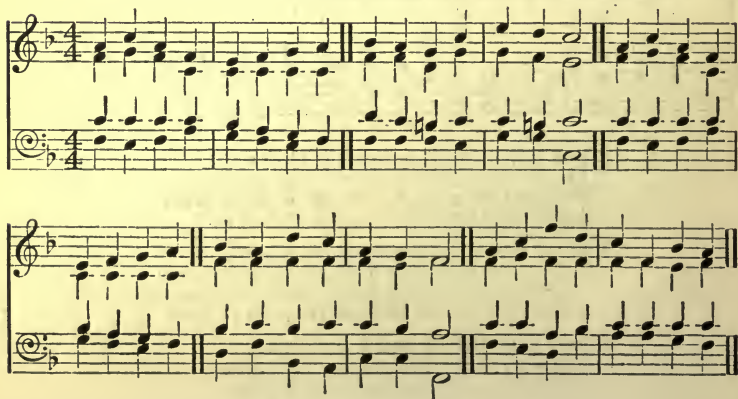
Tune "Eden," by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 COME, friends of Temperance, ere
we part,
Join every voice, and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,—
One final song of grateful praise.</p> | <p>2 <i>Together we may meet no more ;</i>
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
MAY WE FOR EVER MEET AGAIN.</p> |
|---|---|

192 Father, grant Thy benediction.

Words by STELLA E. J. GARD. Tune "Deerhurst," by JAMES LANGRAN.
(By permission.)



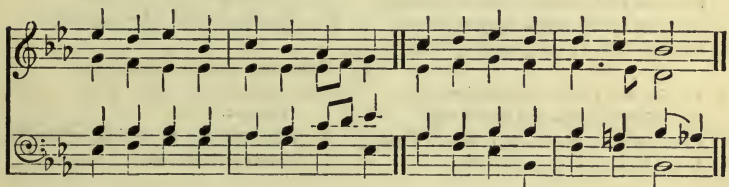


1 **F**ATHER, grant Thy benediction
 Unto us before we part,
 With the fulness of Thy favour
 Satisfy each waiting heart.
*There are many foes before us,
 Foes of overwhelming might,*
 Yet we shall, if Thou wilt guide us,
 BE VICTORIOUS IN THE FIGHT.

2 Arm us with the holy weapons
 That Thy chosen soldiers bear;
 Grant us faith, and love, and meekness,
 Father, bend, and hear our prayer.
*Now the shades of night are falling,
 Watch around us while we sleep;*
*O'er Thy servant's restful pillow,
 Bid Thine angels safe watch keep.*

193 Father, let Thy benediction.

Words by MRS. SHELLEY. Music from S. WEBBE.



1 **F**ATHER, let Thy benediction,
 Gently falling as the dew,
 And Thy ever-gracious presence,
 Bless us all our journey through.
 ||: May we ever :||
 Keep the end of life in view.

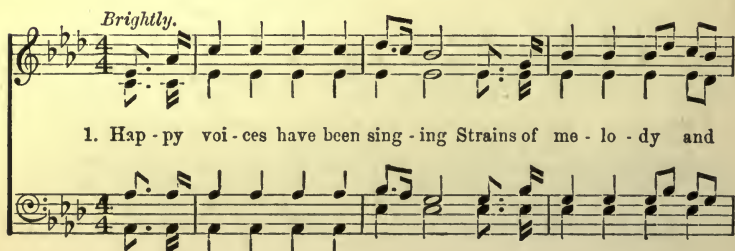
2 When temptations shall assail us,
 When we falter by the way,
 Let Thine arm of strength defend us—
 Saviour, hear us when we pray :
 ||: Thou art mighty, :||
 Be Thou then our rock and stay.

194 **Glory to Thee, my God.**

Words by BISHOP KEN. Tune, "TALLIS' Canon."



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 G LORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS
NIGHT,
FOR ALL THE BLESSINGS OF THE LIGHT;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.</p> | <p>3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.</p> |
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> | <p>4 O, may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids
close;—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To SERVE MY GOD WHEN I AWAKE.</p> |

195 **Happy voices.**

1. **H**ap - py voi - ces have been sing - ing Strains of me - lo - dy and

song ; Hap-py e-choes have been ring-ing Thro' the arch-es loud and

long ; But the hour of part-ing near-er Swift-ly com-eth in its

flight ; Can we then a word that's dear-er Say, than this, a sweet good

night, Good night, good night, A sweet good night.
Good night, good night, good night,

2 Happy hearts with joy are thrilling,
As we speed our cause along ;
Happy tones the whole soul filling
With emotions pure and strong ;
May we not, then, part with gladness,
Hearts all warm, and steps all light,
Shall a single tone of sadness
Mar our peaceful, sweet good night,
good night, &c.

3 HAPPY MAY WE BE FOR EVER,
BLISSFUL TREAD THE GOLDEN STREET ;
HAPPY MOST BECAUSE THAT EVER
WE MAY THERE OUR SAVIOUR MEET.
Should we not, His praises singing,
Offer tribute of delight ;
And while gratitude we're bringing,
Softly murmur, sweet good night,
good night, &c.

196

Holiest, breathe.

Words by JAMES EDMESTON. Air from MOZART, harmonized by CAREY BONNER (*by permission.*)
(Or may be sung to Nos. 24, 30, or 183.)

mp Andante.



1 **H**OLIEST, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
WE ARE SAFE IF THOU ART NIGH.

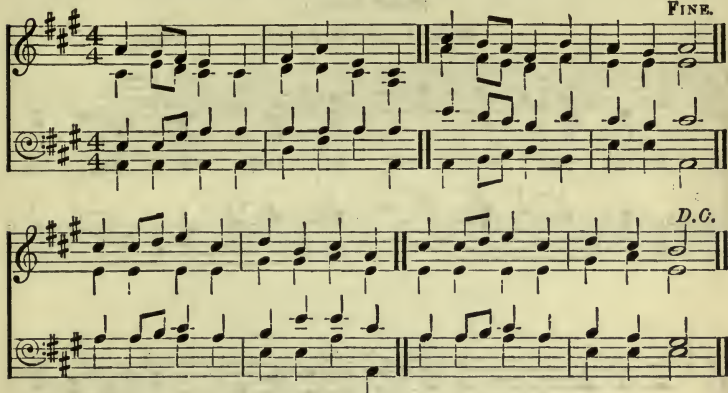
2 *Though the night be dark and dreary,*
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake
us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
CLAD IN LIGHT AND DEATHLESS
BLOOM.

197

Lord, dismiss us.

Tune, "Dismissal."

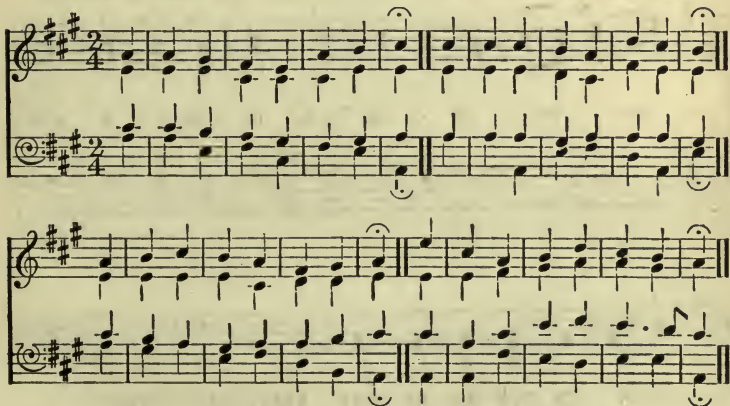
FINE.



LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Let our Temperance joys abound ;
 May we each, Thy grace possessing,
 In the way of life be found.
 ||: Let our meeting, :||
 With Thy blessing now be crowned.

198 **Praise God, from whom.**

Doxology, by BISHOP KEN. Tune "Old Hundredth," attributed to GUILLAUME FRANCO.



PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

199

Just one more song.

[FIRST TUNE.]

Arranged by W. H. BONNER.

1. Just one more song be - fore we part, Let

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The lyrics '1. Just one more song be - fore we part, Let' are written below the treble staff.

ev - ery voice u - nite, Let ev - ery voice u - nite, Nor voice a -

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'ev - ery voice u - nite, Let ev - ery voice u - nite, Nor voice a -' are written below the treble staff.

- lone, but ev - ery heart, In wish - ing a good

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics '- lone, but ev - ery heart, In wish - ing a good' are written below the treble staff.

night, In wish - ing a good night; Nor voice a -

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics 'night, In wish - ing a good night; Nor voice a -' are written below the treble staff.

• lone, but ev - ery heart, In wishing a "GOOD NIGHT."

2 Safe sheltered 'neath the guardian wing
Of boundless Love and Might,
O may we not undoubting sing,
"GOOD NIGHT, dear friends, GOOD NIGHT?"

3 Firm, faithful, steadfast may we be,
To Temperance, Truth, and Right,
Work bravely on through life's short day,
Until the last "Good night."

4 *And when the night of death shall come,*
And close this mortal sight,
How sweet 'twill be to rest at home,
WHERE THERE IS NO "GOOD NIGHT."

5 May each of us betimes prepare
For yonder land of light;
AND IN THE HOPE OF MEETING THERE,
WE BID YOU ALL "GOOD NIGHT!"

[SECOND TUNE.]

Tune 'Evan,' adapted by Dr. LOWELL MASON from a song by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Just one more song be - fore we part, Let ev - ery voice u - nite,

Nor voice a - lone, but ev - ery heart, In wish - ing a "GOOD NIGHT."

200

Sun of my soul.

Words by Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Tune "Hursley," attributed to PAUL RITTER.



1 SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near :
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 *When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently sleep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast !*

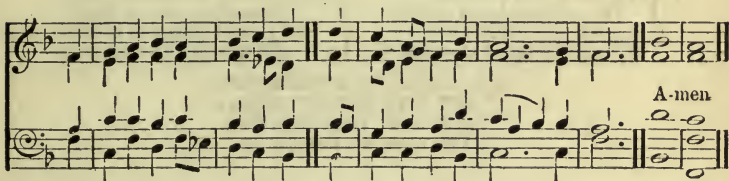
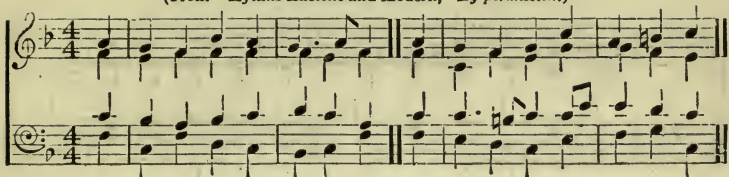
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live :
*Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.*

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take ;
 TILL IN THE OCEAN OF THY LOVE,
 WE LOSE OURSELVES IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

201 Sweet Saviour, bless us.

Words by Rev. F. W. FABER, D.D. Tune "St. Mathias," by W. H. MONK.

(From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," By permission.)



1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
 Ah ! never let our works be soiled
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.

202 The day is past and gone.

Tune "St. Michael," attributed to GUILLAUME FRANC. (Or to No. 203.)



1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3 AND WHEN OUR DAYS ARE PAST,
AND WE FROM TIME REMOVE ;
O MAY WE IN THY BOSOM REST,
THE BOSOM OF THY LOVE.

203

Vesper.

Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears ;

May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.



